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THOMAS AQUINAS: DOCTOR AND SAINT

Early in the year 1271 the general chapter of the Order of St. Dominic granted a petition from the citizens of Naples, which was supported by the personal request of King Charles of Sicily, and sent to the beautiful southern city their most famous member, Brother Thomas. It was not the first time that he had entered Naples, but it was to be the last. His reception has been described as attaining the proportions of an enthusiastic ovation at the hands of a populace frantic with joy, and we may readily imagine the scene. All the elements of an effective picture are at hand: the charm of natural scenery, famous then as now, the bustling, turbulent town with narrow streets, the restless crowd of people of many nations, the rich variety of color in buildings and in costumes. Prince and peasant, courtier and crusader, bishop and monk could join with ardent interest in welcoming the guest, for noble blood flowed in his veins, and yet a vow of poverty made him a beneficiary of the poor; he had renounced the world, yet the world of his day knew no man that equalled him in influence. The most puissant cities of Christendom felt themselves honored by his presence. He had no gracious talents, no charm of person, no magnetic speech, no imperious will. Thomas Aquinas, who, if he had consented, might have been an archbishop, was but a teacher of theology. By sheer force of intellect and purity of soul he dominated among his fellows, and tumultuous Naples welcomed him with pride.

The influence of a great ecclesiastic or of a great statesman is usually the result of a long and varied experience among men of

affairs and in the public eye. Stirring events and dramatic situations discipline his powers and augment his reputation. The story of his life reveals the secret of his power and explains his rising fame, for his character and his talents develop their strength in the social and political and commercial life, whose contacts and conflicts he shares, and in whose progress his course may be traced. But it is not so with the scholar. His importance to the world comes always as a surprise after years of obscure toil. And so it was with St. Thomas Aquinas. Even judged by our more peaceful standards, there were few startling incidents in his career, and for the Middle Ages his life was singularly uneventful. The few facts of interest may be briefly recounted.

This illustrious churchman, later to be styled "Universal Doctor," "Angelic Doctor," and "Prince of Scholastics," was born, probably in 1227, in the castle of Rocco Secca, directly north of Aquino and about fifty miles northwest of Naples. His father was Count of Aquino and of more than local importance in middle Italy, while his mother was sprung from a distinguished Norman family in Sicily and was related to the emperors Henry VI and Frederick II and to the kings of Aragon, Castile, and France. At the tender age of five years he was sent, in accordance with the custom of the time, to the famous abbey of Monte Cassino, which was the chief of the Benedictine houses, that there he might receive his early education, for the monks had long been the school-teachers of Europe. The influences here were certainly not unmixed. The rule of St. Benedict was intended to develop self-mastery, detachment from affairs, and contemplation, and for this discipline young Thomas seemed by nature adapted. Seven years' experience of the internal life of such a community must have made a deep impression. Even then he is reported as having been continually asking "What is God?" But the contemplative life was subjected to serious disturbances and came finally to an abrupt conclusion. The abbey of Monte Cassino was an institution of no slight importance, and was forced to play an active or defensive part in the intrigues and conflicts between the Empire and the Holy See that had been going on for a long time with great uncertainty of issue. The meeting of armed bands in the

immediate neighborhood was not infrequent, and more than once the monastery itself was the prize of contention and was forcibly occupied by soldiers of Frederick or Gregory, until at last it was actually looted and the community scattered.

And now at twelve years of age Thomas, with well formed habits of study and devotion, and not without some glimpses of the world of passion and action, was transferred to a life of much greater vivacity and freedom that he might pursue his studies at the new university at Naples. This institution was too unimportant and inefficient to have been a great intellectual influence in the life of the lad who, as a man, was to play such a large part in the development of the universities of Europe and was to return here to close his brilliant career. Indeed, almost the only report we have of him at this period is the statement of Malvenda that the precocious youth not only was able to reproduce the lectures of his instructors (such oral repetition from memory being the educational method then employed), but could even surpass his teachers in accuracy and subtlety of expression; from which superiority, it appears, his fame spread abroad throughout the city. However much or little the university may have done for him, he could not have been unaffected by the life of Naples. For here was a country boy from a lonely monastery, somewhat stolid, indeed, in appearance and slow of movement and speech, but singularly sympathetic and impelled to think about all that he saw, placed suddenly and without the habitual restraints, in the city that was reputed to be the most beautiful and most wicked in Europe.

This passage from the comparative retirement of Monte Cassino to the pageantry of Neapolitan streets was but typical of European life in the period in which he lived. The ages of repose were gone. Men were no longer satisfied with maintaining old institutions, with repeating old devotions, and transmitting ancient learning. There was a renaissance of life on every hand; there were new enthusiasms, new loyalties, new adventures; there were troubadours and crusades and universities. Everyone was excited to the point of restlessness and no one acted from a single simple motive. Even piety became in-

ventive. To meet the new conditions appeared St. Francis and St. Dominic, inspirers of fresh religious attitudes and purposes, making artless or ingenious appeals that caught the popular imagination and brought instantaneous popular response. The growth of the Mendicant Orders was inevitable. The older, conventual orders, even if they had not grown lethargic with excess of repose and increase of estates, were ill fitted by constitution, ideals, and traditions to serve the new age, while the secular clergy were notoriously incapable of spiritual leadership. In popular esteem and in genuine influence the monks were giving way to the friars. So, when Thomas came to Naples, he came immediately under the influence of Dominicans who lectured at the university, and by whom he was encouraged to seek admission to the order, and who clothed him with the habit of the Friars Preachers.

St. Dominic and those who shared in his counsels and later directed the operations of the friars who came to be known as his followers had from the very beginning aimed at a position of influence in the intellectual life of the time. They sought to wield the power of knowledge for the good of the Church. Always on the lookout for young men among the brothers who could be trained for service in such a cause, the leaders marked St. Thomas as one who gave special promise, and it was decided to furnish him superior opportunities of education and advancement. He was accordingly placed under the instruction of Albertus Magnus, himself a friar, a teacher in the Dominican school at Cologne, the most learned man of his generation, and for many years to be associated with St. Thomas, first as master, then as colleague, and finally, after the death of Aquinas, as loyal and loving champion. Apparently it was only the more mature minds of his superiors that discerned signs of genius in the awkward and taciturn youth, for his fellow students, of more jovial temperament and less solid attainments, styled him "the dumb ox of Sicily," to which Albert added, "one day his bellowing shall resound throughout the world." The few traditions that have come to us from his student days reveal him as silent, retiring, and without sense of humor, but with immense powers for acquiring and retaining erudition and unrivalled skill

in arranging, presenting, and defending his ideas. He soon became the intimate of his master whom he accompanied to Paris when Albert was transferred to that seat of life and learning in 1245. Three years later they both returned to Cologne where St. Thomas was made second professor and *magister studentium* at the age of twenty-one. There followed four years of quiet but productive labor, teaching, preaching, writing. At the end of this period of ripening it became clear that he was fitted for a part of the greatest eminence and he was ordered again to Paris, where for many years his life was identified with the university which was the most famous and important of all the mediæval universities, and in which he became the most illustrious doctor. In later years his services were required in many other centres of learning, but whether in Paris or Rome or Bologna or Naples, he continued his unparalleled career of splendid intellectual achievement, the foremost scholar of the world, and because of that, the most powerful individual, and yet the humblest of men, a simple brother of the order of St. Dominic. And this was the uneventful life of a young man, for his preëminence was uncontested when he was thirty-five years of age, and he did not live to be fifty.

The position of St. Thomas among his contemporaries is most striking, as will appear more clearly when we examine in detail his relation to the various intellectual movements of his day. But his importance was far from being a temporary one. The Council of Vienna in 1312 rendered a doctrinal decision in conformity with the teaching of the great doctor, and his canonization in 1323 established his reputation and vastly increased his influence among the less critical. By the middle of the fourteenth century his most complete work had supplanted Peter Lombard's *Book of Sentences* as the text-book of theology and he was recognized as the great master in the universities. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries his authority continued to increase until at the Council of Trent his *Summa* was laid beside the Sacred Scriptures, and in 1567 Pope Pius V proclaimed him a Doctor of the Universal Church. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries his influence waned, even among Catholics, but in the nineteenth it slowly revived and

was greatly stimulated by the encyclical of Leo XIII in 1879. Since that date the development has been so widespread and has resulted in so voluminous a literature as to merit separate treatment in the Catholic Encyclopædia under the title of Neo-Scholasticism.

There is a forbidding sound in the word "scholasticism." It seems to many to connote all that is dry and uninteresting in the intellectual history of the race, a phase of thought that was long since outgrown and discarded as useless and almost unreal. Unquestionably in the twentieth century, with its shallow enthusiasms and surface culture and intellectual vanity, the theologian has to endure a general contempt; if he is labelled as a mediævalist he arouses quiet amusement, like any other anachronism; while if he is defined more accurately as a scholastic he is ignored as one who must be dull. But surely life and thought were not dull in the twelfth century, nor yet in the thirteenth, and even scholastic theology was an exacting and exciting pursuit.

All the movements that culminated in the development of what has since been called scholasticism, and that drew to a centre in St. Thomas, emerge at once in a cursory study of the University of Paris. That university was itself a gradual development, to which Aquinas contributed largely, but which proceeded from obscure origins. In the early Middle Ages ordered education was conducted in schools that gathered in some cathedral close or cloistered abbey, and was adapted mainly to the training of the clergy. The curriculum of course included theology, but was based upon the seven Liberal Arts, which were divided into the elementary group, the Trivium, and the more advanced group, the Quadrivium. The latter included music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, but the superficial character of these studies as generally pursued is indicated by the fact that only enough astronomy was taught to enable the student to determine the date on which Easter might fall, and music hardly went beyond the practical mastery of plain-song. A more genuine mental training was secured by the Trivium of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, or dialectic. The first two of these preserved a very limited acquaintance with classical writers,

although Church authorities frowned upon an excessive devotion to pagan literature and the hostile ideals of ancient culture. A much greater freedom was permitted in the study of logic, which became the controlling discipline in western schools. Fragments of Aristotle in translation stimulated and guided the thought of these centuries so far as formal procedure was concerned. Of course, the subjects that might be studied were determined by the ecclesiastical needs and interests. Only those facts and ideas were deemed worthy of notice which bore directly or indirectly upon the absorbing practical end of the salvation of the human soul. The Holy Scriptures naturally held the first place, after which came the decrees of councils and the writings of the Fathers. The greatest single intellectual force after Aristotle was St. Augustine, through whose writings Platonic conceptions secured a wide influence.

The rising intellectual life, which was one characteristic of the twelfth century, so fell in with the economic and political movements that resulted in the rapid growth of cities, and with the passing of educational control from the monks to the secular clergy, and with the rapid rise of the Mendicant Orders, as to give birth to the universities. The term "university," it may be needless to say, had originally no reference to the inclusiveness of the curriculum and the range of studies. It was used in the general sense of an association or guild of masters or students, and indicated their common interests and their mutual relations. For the reasons stated, students flocked in great numbers to Paris and attached themselves to the cathedral school, which was under the jurisdiction of the chancellor of Notre Dame, and an increase in number of students necessitated in turn a larger corps of teachers. It was the function of the chancellor to grant permission for masters to open schools near the church, but by papal decree he was required to grant such license to every properly qualified applicant. Gradually the masters formed a local guild for the protection of common rights and customs and soon saw that it was professionally necessary that they should determine who were qualified applicants for the *licentia docendi*. Contests arose with increasing frequency between the chancellor and the masters, with appeals to the King

or to the Pope, until at last the autonomy of the university of masters was practically secured. It probably existed as a genuine corporation with recognized statutes from the beginning of the thirteenth century. Meanwhile the internal organization proceeded by the separation of the masters, for the purpose of voting, into four "nations" and the selection of a "Rector" over the entire body. It should be borne in mind, however, that this organization was made up chiefly of the faculty of arts. The superior faculties of theology, law, and medicine were included in the university but were so few in numbers that they had only slight administrative influence.

It is nevertheless true that from the beginning at Paris the faculty of theology was, from an intellectual point of view, the controlling body. The study of medicine was never developed at Paris as it was at Salerno, and Bologna always maintained her early preëminence in civil and canon law. Other causes united to make theology the chief interest, and nearly all of the masters of arts were students in theology, and masters and scholars alike were regarded as clerks, even if not in minor orders, and enjoyed the immunity from civil jurisdiction that was the privilege of all ecclesiastics. How it was that theological interests could so thoroughly prevail in the sordid, licentious, and riotous life of the Latin Quarter puzzles us not a little, but it remains one of the paradoxes that give piquant charm to the age.

Another complicating feature of the university life was the presence there of the Mendicant Friars, both Franciscan and Dominican. The preaching Friars had their origin in Spain under the enthusiastic leadership of St. Dominic, who undertook a genuine crusade against the Albigenses and all other heretics. His weapon was not the sword but sound learning, and he began by training men to preach to the common people the essentials of the Christian religion, and later, as a matter of necessity, he sought to influence the springs of intellectual life at the educational centres. The rule of poverty, which St. Francis had made popular, was an addition to the original programme of the Dominicans, who in turn imbued the Minorites with their ambition for intellectual leadership. And so it came about that both orders were represented by houses at

Paris and by doctors in the faculty of theology. It was not without bitter opposition from the secular clergy, however, that they won a recognized place in the university; indeed, it was as the chief protagonist for the Mendicants before the Pope in a dispute regarding university rights that St. Thomas made his European reputation secure, for theological issues as well as ecclesiastical jealousies were involved in the controversy. It is a significant testimony to the genius of the man that the bad grace with which his opponents suffered his official connection with the university did not disturb the productiveness of his serene mind or weaken his influence in the world of thought.

Enough has been said of the organization of the University of Paris and of its external relations to enable us to realize that the position there which the great doctor occupied was one of commanding importance and wide influence. But how was that influence exercised? What were the problems of thought, the deeper interests, the vital issues of the time? It is to such questions that we must now turn as we try to trace some of the intellectual threads that are woven into the rich fabric of that wonderful century. We must, of course, never forget that that was, indeed, an age of faith. Behind all theories, incipient heresies, and scientific curiosity was the almost universal acceptance of the Christian creed. Authority was everywhere recognized and all men claimed to be orthodox. There seems to us to have been a lamentable failure in relating faith to practice, and the ideals and manners of men generally appear to have been but slightly moulded by principles of religion; but notwithstanding glaring inconsistencies between conduct and profession and a mingling of piety and savagery that shocks our modern sense, there was a more or less unhesitating assent to the doctrines of Christianity.

But in the twelfth century there had appeared indications of a growing independence of authority in the use of the developed logical method of study. Reasoning came to be a delight in itself and critical examination of accepted propositions was here and there introduced. It is not necessary to examine the causes of this originality or to trace the growth of the new movement. It is sufficient to notice the work and influence of its chief

representative, Peter Abelard. He was a man of brilliant parts and fascinating personality, surpassingly popular among the students who thronged his lectures, but an object of suspicion to ecclesiastical authorities. He had the defects of his qualities, being vain and supercilious, delighting in shocking more conventional minds. Devoid of the warmer qualities of devotional religion, he emphasized the importance of rational processes even to the extent of endangering the principle of authority which he could not or would not openly deny.

Abelard was the great exponent of dialectic, and whether he applied it to the logical problem of universals, or to morals, or to subjects more distinctly religious, he was moved by a genuine desire to know the truth as well as by the wish to discomfit his colleagues. "I was brought," he says, "to expound the very foundation of our faith by applying the analogies of human reason, and was led to compose for my pupils a theological treatise on the divine Unity and Trinity. They were calling for human and philosophical arguments, and insisting upon something intelligible, rather than mere words, saying that there had been more than enough of talk which the mind could not follow; that it was impossible to believe what was not understood in the first place; and that it was ridiculous for any one to set forth to others what neither he nor they could rationally conceive." Again he complains: "A new calumny against me have my rivals lately devised, because I write upon the dialectic art. Not only they say that this science does not prepare us for the Faith, but that it destroys faith by the implications of its arguments. But it is wonderful if I must not discuss what it is permitted them to read. All knowledge, which indeed comes from God alone and from His bounty, is good. Wherefore the study of every science should be conceded to be good, because that which is good comes from it." This, to our ears, sounds commonplace enough, but to his contemporaries it seemed dangerous and revolutionary, not merely because it was an innovation in scholastic procedure, but because it implied superiority of reason over faith and ultimately their separation. The critical examination of the Scriptures and the Fathers appeared irreverent, and perhaps with Abelard it was irreverent, for his

religion was apparently an ecclesiastical conformity, not a deep spiritual experience.

The opposite tendency is seen in St. Bernard, that prophet of love and damnation, preacher of crusades, and self-appointed censor of morals and beliefs. Bernard was a many-sided man, tender and impetuous, a devotee and a general and an adroit politician, but he distinctly was not a scholarly man, and Abelard's arrogance and audacity irritated him beyond all proper expression. He had no understanding of the excitement and joy of intellectual venture or of the imperious demands of critical scholarship, but he felt the clash of ideals and aims, and with a crusader's zeal he undertook to avenge the slighted Faith and defend the authority of God and the Church. "The faith of the righteous believes; it does not dispute," he says. "But that man, suspicious of God, has no mind to believe what his reason has not previously argued." "Peter Abelard is trying to make void the merit of Christian faith when he deems himself able by human reason to comprehend God altogether. He ascends to the heavens and descends even to the abyss! Nothing may hide from him in the depths of hell or in the heights above! The man is great in his own eyes—this scrutinizer of Majesty and fabricator of heresies." The differences between the two men were differences of temperament and point of view, of aims and methods, and as far as they themselves were concerned the issue was not doubtful. The gentle monk of Clairvaux was a fiery antagonist and the most powerful person in Europe. He set out to crush poor Abelard, and crush him he did, first with rhetoric and then with Pope and council.

But the future was with Abelard. No reactionary or obscurantist saint could put a stop to the new scholarship. The capture of Constantinople and the labors of many scholars, Christian, Jewish, and Arabian, resulted in distributing through Europe a vast amount of ancient learning, including the metaphysical works of Aristotle, who was known as "*the philosopher*." This flood of new learning with the increased intellectual activity that accompanied and followed it was a danger to Christianity, not only because of an excessive emphasis that was suddenly placed on intellectual achievements, but because

Aristotle was widely known through his Arabian commentator Averroës, whose interpretation was of a decidedly pantheistic character.

A very marvelous thing it was that with so little hesitation the friars sensed the situation, welcomed the new learning, took the lead in scholarship, used the instrument of dialectic, and united the two great cultural forces of criticism and faith, and then went on to produce the great monumental scholastic works that preserved for all time the inclusiveness and the balance of their wisdom. The men to whom may rightly be attributed this mighty synthesis were the Franciscan, St. Bonaventura, and the two Dominicans, Albert the Great and St. Thomas Aquinas, and of these three the last named was the most eminent. Albertus was a man of tireless industry and wide intellectual interests and his work was encyclopædic in character. He gathered, translated, arranged, and transmitted the wealth of classical literature for which his generation thirsted, but he lacked the concentration and perspicuity of his scholar and companion. St. Bonaventura differed from Aquinas in temperament and in the emphasis that is determined by temperament. He was not lacking in critical ability, but he was more of a Platonist than an Aristotelian, a mystic among theologians, to whom virtue was superior to knowledge. There is in his writings more of the imagery of devotion and contemplation than of the analysis of thought.

St. Thomas was not without those qualities of mind that are usually designated as mystical; he contributed to the wealth of mediæval devotional poetry, and for him, as for others, contemplation could rise to ecstasy. And yet, as compared with his Franciscan colleague, his life and work were conspicuous for their highly intellectual character. The literary remains, by which we ourselves may judge, are numerous, for he is said to have left sixty distinct works, large and small. Some of these were but commentaries, in the prevailing fashion, on the Holy Scriptures, on Aristotle, and on the Lombard's *Sentences*. Others were the result of the classroom discussion of disputed questions in philosophy and theology. The most mature and important are his famous apologetic *Treatise on the Truth of the*

Catholic Faith Against Unbelievers, commonly known as *Contra Gentiles*, and his *magnum opus*, the *Summa Theologica*, which would alone support his great reputation. These are logical, metaphysical, and theological treatises and, naturally, are not light reading. The jaunty newspaper style, stimulating to a jaded imagination but destructive of patient thinking, which modern Pragmatists have introduced into metaphysical discussions, would have been most unsuited to the dignity of his high enterprise. And yet to one who takes delight in the operations of a clear and comprehensive and acute mind, there will be no inclination to call his writing dry, even though the subject-matter be thought uninteresting. Compared with the turgid compilations and commentaries and grotesque allegories of some of his predecessors, he was as Hyperion to a Satyr, and to read him after Hegel is like passing from the mists of the Rhone valley to the crystal clearness of the Gorner Grat. There is no lack of mystery, for he deals with the heights and depths of human experience, but the mystery is not due to the close fog of unintelligible words. He shows no tendency to make the complexity of life an excuse for confusion of thought. He worked, it is true, with the dull tool of mediæval Latin and within the unimaginative restraints of a formal logical procedure. And yet so comprehensive is his grasp, so sure his touch, so precise his technicality, so accurate his analysis, so confident and so unpretentious his manner, that one who does not succumb to the fatigue of the climb gains the reward of a magnificent panorama. The dryness is of the rarified air, not of the dusty highway.

The simplicity of his clearness is most deceptive and makes it difficult to give an adequate impression of his solidity and subtlety by a few illustrative excerpts from his writings. Equally futile would it be to give a bare outline of his masterpiece, while a detailed study of his system is here quite impossible. And yet a reference to some of his characteristic thoughts may give hints of his significance for his own time, and perhaps for ours. In the first place, the knowledge of God constitutes the beatitude of man and is of immense practical and speculative importance. He recognizes, indeed, that things

may be of interest in themselves and may be studied in their lower relations, but for him as philosopher and theologian their chief interest lies in their relation to God. In the second place, his use of the term "natural reason" marks the distinction, which his modern disciples have stressed, between scholastic philosophy and scholastic theology. The former is only one of the mediæval attempts thoroughly to understand the common racial experience; the latter is the explication of the Church's dogmatic teaching by means of the Aristotelian concepts and elaborate syllogistic reasoning. The distinction is a necessary one and yet it is noticeable that all the scholastic philosophers were orthodox churchmen, and the peculiar excellence of Aquinas consists in his so uniting the two phases of thought that their threatened separation was shown to be unnecessary. In the third place, it is evident that he felt confident of man's ability to come to the knowledge of the existence of God and to a limited knowledge of the nature of God quite apart from any authoritative revelation. But he took no short cut by way of the emotions; he insisted that man could think his way to God. He began frankly with sense perceptions, without which there can be no knowledge, and pointed out that the thought that begins there is incomplete until it attains to God. This intellectualism is displayed chiefly in working out causal relations. I am aware that the validity of the traditional arguments for the existence of God is supposed to have been destroyed by Kant's *Kritik*, but St. Thomas meant something deeper than is usually implied by causation; his argument was not from one event that was an effect to a prior event that was a cause in an endless regression that can only reach a First Cause after all by jumping; for him, rather, the intellectual process consists in discovering the cause *in* the effect, thinking the object, getting its meaning, idealizing it; detailed analysis leads to insight and comprehension; think anything hard enough and long enough and you will think God; he is Platonic as well as Aristotelian.

The intellectualism of St. Thomas showed itself in an exacting and thorough-going criticism after the best manner of Abelard. The novel method that the earlier philosopher had introduced with a too pugnacious temper in his famous *Sic et Non* was em-

ployed by the later with confidence and without offence. He did not shrink from formulating objections to ancient and even authoritative pronouncements, because he had no manner of doubt that reason and faith were harmonious and of mutual advantage. So far was this from being recognized previously that some venturesome thinkers had met a charge of heresy by maintaining that what was philosophically true might be theologically false. Such a plea was to St. Thomas intellectual disloyalty, for a double standard of truth was intolerable. He who in detailed arguments exhibited his critical acumen by analyzing confused statements and relentlessly exposing the fallacy of the ambiguous middle, pointing out repeatedly that language was used *dupliciter*, was quite as insistent that in the midst of subtle distinctions of thought the essential integrity of the mind must be maintained. The achievement of that unity of religion and scholarship is his most signal contribution to human culture.

Characteristically enough, his first step is a distinction that seems to be a concession fatal to his purpose. Some things, he asserts, are known by human reason and other things by divine revelation. Man discovers some truths through a laborious process of thought, but these truths are known only to philosophers, who seek them with patient application and hold them with much admixture of error. But the practical pursuit of the soul's salvation requires that all men should know, and with the greatest certitude, truths that exceed human reason. These truths are given by revelation, accepted on authority, and understood by supernatural illumination. They can be explained but not proved by reason; if they are not accepted on faith, the most that reason can do is to refute rational arguments against them.

But does this not lead to an *impasse*? Is not a rational faith, a critical religion, a manifest contradiction in terms? It does, indeed, appear so, and a long line of intellectual and spiritual tragedies seems to witness to the sad conclusion. But if there is a contradiction in St. Thomas it surely does not lie on the surface; he was too sincere an intellectualist to suddenly shut his eyes and find refuge in sheer credulity. The distinction between faith and reason is, for purposes of convenience in

speech, often stated, even by St. Thomas, in a superficial form, in which the antithesis seems without remedy. In matters of supreme intellectual importance a reference to external authority, whether it be to Greek and Latin Fathers, or to Scripture, or Church, or Christ Himself, involves such abnegation on the part of man's intellectual nature as to amount to self-stultification. But it is clear that St. Thomas never does, in reality, make such an appeal. The authority that he invokes is not, in the last analysis, external. His appeal lies from his own partial experience to his own richer experience, which is, indeed, not his alone, but his in a wide fellowship. Back of the ecclesiastical authorities, to whom he rendered humble and loyal obedience, behind conciliar and patristic authorities, was the real authority of the corporate Christian consciousness, which he shared and to which his personal experience made contribution.

When he says that some knowledge comes by the natural reason, he means that there is a racial experience, a conscious life that all men, as men, share, which begins with perception of the external world and rises to philosophy, which is man's effort to understand this life that all men live. When he says that other knowledge is given by grace, he means that in addition to that racial experience is a further experience, common to Christians, with a definite content which supplies new material for thought, the rational treatment of which is the science of theology. Technically, the characteristic Christian experience is called supernatural, the more general human experience is called natural, and the validity of the former is, to those who have it, just as great as of the latter. Obviously no amount of argument based upon the assumptions of the natural experience can establish the reality of the supernatural, but one who has the new sense of reality may reason about it, must reason about it, and the theologian may use the same dialectic that the philosopher uses. There is then no breach in the intellectual life; only an enlargement of it. Theology is the queen of the sciences, not because it uses a superior method, but because it deals with a richer content. The knowledge of God, which the metaphysician attains by natural reason only after the utmost labor and which he holds most insecurely, is the primal fact and

sommmum bonum of the higher life, which is still for St. Thomas preëminently intellectual.

Thus, in brief, did St. Thomas accomplish the great synthesis, turning the stream of new learning into the service of the Church and saving religion for a time from reactionary officialism on the one hand and uncritical mysticism on the other. Of course this was possible because of the almost universal assumptions of the age. Except for the Jewish and Arabian scholars, whose influence was waning in the thirteenth century, and some unintellectual heresies, there were no clearly developed schools of thought opposed to the orthodox Christian belief, and the great body of the people in western Europe, barbarous and superstitious though they may have been in many respects, nevertheless gave unhesitating, though often indifferent, assent to the Christian Faith, and, if we may judge by the great Gothic cathedrals, must have entered sympathetically into parts at least of the Christian experience.

It would indeed be a great mistake to regard St. Thomas in detachment from his time. He was truly one of the greatest fruits of his age, a cultural product as well as a guiding genius, and as such he is comparable to the other great creative men, to Dante and the cathedral builders. For St. Thomas was an artist, who worked with pure thought instead of blocks of stone, and raised a structure that seems at close view to be but a wall, solid and severe, devoid of ornamentation, but shows in the mass the coherence and delicacy that have repeatedly suggested the best French churches. So Mr. Henry Adams traces the parallelism with almost fanciful language: "The great theologians were also architects who undertook to build a Church Intellectual, corresponding bit by bit to the Church Administrative, both expressing—and expressed by the Church Architectural. . . . The immense structure rested on Aristotle and St. Augustine at the last, but as a work of art it stood alone, as though it had no antecedents. Then it reveals itself in its great mass and intelligence as a work of extraordinary genius; a system as admirably proportioned as any cathedral and as complete. . . . The spire justifies the church. In St. Thomas's church, man's free-will was the aspiration to God, and he treated it as the architects of

Chartres and Laon treated their famous *flèches*. The square foundation-tower, the expression of God's power in act,—His Creation,—rose to the level of the church façade as a part of the normal unity of God's energy; and then, suddenly, without show of effort, without break, without logical violence, became a many-sided, voluntary, vanishing human soul. . . . Every inch of material, up and down, from crypt to vault, from man to God, from the universe to the atom, had its task, giving support where support was needed, or weight where concentration was felt, but always with the condition of showing conspicuously to the eye the great lines which led to unity and the curves which controlled divergence; and this is true of St. Thomas's church as it is of Amiens Cathedral. The method was the same for both, and the result was an art marked by singular unity, which endured and served its purpose until man changed his attitude toward the universe. . . . Of all the elaborate symbolism which has been suggested for the Gothic cathedral, the most vital and most perfect may be that the slender *neruvre*, the springing motion of the broken arch, the leap downwards of the flying buttress, never let us forget that faith alone supports it, and that if faith fails Heaven is lost."

There is suggested in this passage something of the wealth of spiritual experience that lay behind the great mediæval creations and which must be sought if there is to be any thorough understanding of Aquinas. The success he achieved in giving intellectual unity to an age that was threatened with sharp division because of influences that appeared to be contradictory, may rightly enough be described as an artistic triumph, but is not thereby adequately explained. The formal unity of his works sprang from the unity of inner life. He was both doctor and saint; his religious life was intelligent, even critical of itself, and the confidence of his faith showed itself in the fearlessness with which he used his reason. His sanctity was greater than his scholarship and included it. Being a man of God, he did not despise the world or men whom God had made, but sought to understand them by the illumination that was given to him. He believed the world intelligible because he believed in God.

Both the success and the limitations of his work may be traced

to his personality. There was much of mediæval life and thought that seems not to have touched him, and so failed to influence his theology. He was given to contemplation and cared little for the human drama, nor yet was he an observer of external nature after the manner either of St. Francis or of Roger Bacon. We find no reflections upon the varied activities of contemporary life, no harmless gossip of the cloister and of the road, no light play of fancy, no sparkle of wit, no sense of humor. When St. Anselm lay upon his death-bed he said: "If God were willing that I should still abide with you until I have solved a question that I am turning over in my mind about the origin of the soul, I should be thankful; for I know not if anyone is likely to solve it after I am gone." But St. Thomas never could have said that either in vanity or in playfulness. Indeed he had so few of the common frailties and fascinations of men that he seems scarcely human, and his personality remains somewhat vague; if he had not been so great he would surely have been dull. And yet there was something in him that inspired in his contemporaries both affection and awe.

The direct causal relation between the practice of virtue and mental clarity is as elusive as it is indubitable. Even the effort to describe or illustrate the holiness of a saint ends in a caricature, for sanctity is more subtle than a perfume and it must be exaggerated before it can be analyzed, and exaggeration spoils it. The evidences of saintliness that most appealed to men of a former age only stir our sophisticated minds to ridicule. What care we for miracles wrought by a dead scholar's bones? Have not ecstasies and visions been proved to be illusions of disordered minds? And yet, hardened skeptics as we are, we sometimes catch the glory of a God-conquered soul, that something deeper than righteousness that shines through character and transforms it.

A biographer of St. Thomas describes him as a "quiet, meek young man," and yet a man of "changeless calmness and self-possession." "Partly through education," he says, "through the vicissitudes of life; greatly by character; partly through breadth of mind; and principally through grace—he possessed his soul in patience. It was never known, even under the most

trying provocation, that he lost his gentle self-control. His humility and sweetness came out strikingly when arguing in the schools. He answered meekly, and with benevolence." Corrado de Suessia, who knew him intimately, is quoted as testifying that he was "a man of holy life and honest conversation, peaceful, sober, humble, quiet, devout, contemplative, and chaste; so mortified that he cared not what he eat or what he put on. Every day he celebrated, with great devotion, or heard one or two masses; and except in times proper for repose, he was ever occupied in reading, writing, praying, or preaching. I saw him", says Corrado, "leading the above life." "His success," says another companion, "was not acquired by natural talent, but by the revelation and infusion of the Holy Gost, for he never set himself to write, without having first prayed and wept. When he was in doubt, he had recourse to prayer, and with tears he returned—instructed and enlightened in his uncertainty." Tocco, an early biographer, says that this was his daily prayer: "Grant me, I beseech Thee, O merciful God, ardently to desire, prudently to study, rightly to understand, and perfectly to fulfil that which is pleasing to Thee—to the praise and glory of Thy Name."

These are but glimpses of the inner life of him who is reported to have had an influence over young men that "far surpassed that of any other master." "He could," says Vaughan, "beyond other teachers, inflame the minds of his disciples with an ardent love of study. They were conscious that his teaching had something about it of another world; and the feeling crept over all, and finally mastered them, that he spoke as one 'having power.'" Especially characteristic is the scene that occurred shortly before his death, which is thus reported: "On Dec. 6, 1273, he laid aside his pen and would write no more. That day he experienced an unusually long ecstasy during Mass; what was revealed to him we can only surmise from his reply to Father Reginald, who urged him to continue his writings: 'I can do no more. Such secrets have been revealed to me that all I have written now appears to be of but little value.'" And so his great masterpiece was left unfinished, like some of the cathedrals, and his saintly soul, having mounted from foundation-stone to towering

spire, took to itself wings and soared into the heavens. But he left to posterity the monument of his genius, full proof of his rational faith.

In the Provincial Museum of Seville hangs a painting by Francisco de Zurberan, which has been called one of the noblest ceremonial pictures in Spain. Originally painted to be an altarpiece for the Church of the College of St. Thomas, it is a glorification of the saint. There are used in the composition six groups of figures on three levels. On the lowest level are represented on one side the archbishop who founded the institution, with his attendants of monastic type, facing the emperor with his courtiers opposite. Just above these and of larger size sit the four great doctors of the Church, St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, St. Augustue, and St. Jerome, as in the act of discussing some weighty problem of theology; while from among them rises the central figure of St. Thomas, the black and white habit of his order effectively contrasted with the glory of clouds behind and above, where appear, besides the countless heads of cherubs, figures representing at a distance St. Paul and St. Dominic and somewhat less distinctly the Virgin and the Christ. The beauty and the power of this picture, even when seen in a reproduction, is striking, and those who have seen the original with its rich contrasts and groupings of color, have been most deeply impressed. The various human interests that are represented on the canvas are harmoniously related to the central figure which dominates, not only by its size and position, but by its superior simplicity. He is one of the doctors; he can peruse and write learned tomes; he knows the keen enjoyment of intellectual disputation; but now, in their very companionship, his form is touched with aloofness, and with outspread book and quill suspended he stands with face expectant, almost rapt, as though he had caught the first glimpse of that Vision which was to him the goal of life. This is indeed the "Angelic Doctor," whose scholarship is inspired and ennobled by his sanctity.

I cannot rest content with this brief sketch of the character and influence of the great doctor and saint. He is as significant for our age as for his own, and a knowledge of his career suggests

what may be the satisfaction of present intellectual needs. To be sure, prayer and fasting and tears have no recognized place in modern pedagogical theory or practice, and university authorities do not seek, nor university students follow, the man who has ecstatic visions during Mass. The mere thought provokes a smile. Fashion, even in saints, has changed. Well, I, for one, am not sure that our pride is not our shame. It may be that St. Francis of Assisi was more potent to reform society than supermen and statistics and the big stick, and St. Thomas Aquinas may have something to say to modern culture.

The most striking characteristic of modern intellectual activity, when compared with that of previous ages, is that it ignores religion. I do not refer to the very recent transfer of educational control from clerics to laymen in Europe and America; that may very well turn out to be a good thing. Nor am I thinking of what may be called the secularization of the curricula of schools by omitting old-fashioned dogmatic instruction; that is an obvious necessity under present conditions. But what I do mean is that within and without the schools the modern mind does not greatly concern itself with religion. Fifty years ago, even twenty-five years ago, this was not the case, although the discussions then were largely controversial. But now the separation between criticism and faith seems to be accomplished, and surely with great disaster to both. The so-called warfare between science and theology has ended in a truce and each has been content to go its own way. It is a useless task to try rightly to apportion the blame for this cleavage in the culture of the time; clearly there has been fault on both sides: science has sometimes been irreverent and theology has frequently been timid or domineering, and both have been irritating and unsympathetic. But whatever may be our judgment as to the responsibility, there can be no question as to the fact of the divorce and its serious results in both directions. It is not suggested that either scholarship or religion is dying out; on the contrary there seems to be greater activity than ever in both departments of life; neither is it denied that many scholars are deeply religious, but in most cases their scholarship is not religious and their religion is not very intelligent. There are, of course, some

persons who contemplate this division of labor with composure because they feel that it is a victory for the mind, and are content that religion should continue for a time as a subjective emotional experience which is likely finally to die a languishing death. So Professor James joyfully cried: "We must bid a definitive good-bye to dogmatic theology."

But how is it possible for one who is genuinely interested in human culture to acquiesce in such a situation unless he is a whole-hearted rationalist and thoroughly irreligious? Of course if a man thinks religion is a vain superstition he must fight it relentlessly and at least prophesy its decay. But there is little in history or philosophy to warrant such an attitude: religion is evidently too universal and persistent a phase of human life to require defence. If then reason and faith are two ineradicable factors in the life of humanity, does it not show a failure of personal integrity and of general culture for us to permit them to develop in separation? The loss to religion is clear enough, especially among Protestants, who have boasted of intellectual freedom. The history of the last century is the record of their doctrinal discomfiture and the abandonment of one position after another under the attack, first of physical science, and then of literary and historical criticism, until the intellectual content of their message has almost disappeared and religion is being presented in a sentimental form, or a practical form, or, in mad reaction from a gross materialism, in a highly fantastic Gnosticism and other spiritual extravagances. Even if one should think that this shows a real development in religion because of the softening of manners and the spread of toleration, still it is an intellectual loss when the exact phrases and delicate distinctions of Calvinism are replaced by the vague and disorderly notions that many men now entertain, who frankly say that it matters not what a man believes if only he is sincere.

But there is a larger loss to the intellectual activity than this, and we are scarcely conscious of it. Theological explanations have given place to scientific explanations. Historical events are exhibited as resulting from geographical, economic, political and social causes and no reference is made to divine providence. Science pursues its patient and masterful career of research, but

cares nothing for the Creator and Sustainer of the universe. That there is very much of gain in all of this it would be folly to deny; that there has been any loss at all is what escapes our notice. But there is loss, intellectual loss and intellectual failure, because we still believe in the Creator, the Heavenly Father. To believe in Him and yet not think Him in relation to all our other thoughts is our great dereliction. If we do not attempt the synthesis, we virtually deny the validity of religious faith, or the efficiency of human reason, or the simplicity and unity of life; and on such denials no lasting civilization can be built.

The harmonizing of these discordant elements is, then, the great need of our age; the pressing demand is for a new unity of life and thought. In this quest we need not be discouraged by the apparent failure of scholasticism; quite the contrary. St. Thomas himself has gone long since to enjoy the closer vision of God, but the edifice he reared still stands, even in ruins, as a mighty silent witness of his achievement and a lasting challenge and stimulus to humanity, calling us, not to restore the old, but to build the new. The materials that we must use are more abundant and varied than those that lay at his hand, but the aim and spirit must be the same that moved his serene and venturesome soul. If a new leader shall appear he must come out of a new race of theologians, men of exact scholarship and saintly life, who know the thoughts of men and the mind of God. That in the providence of God they shall be raised up, who can doubt? But in their making there must be prayer and fasting and tears, chastity and poverty and obedience, and the great joy of believing.

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THE MODERN WORKING WOMAN AND MARRIAGE

Though the question whether college education makes women unwilling or unfit for marriage is no longer discussed, a newer question has arisen involving the years between college graduation and marriage. Increasingly large numbers of women must and do prepare themselves for self-support, and spend from five to ten years in active, stimulating occupations, living among their fellows just as men do, enjoying a wide range of friendships, and glorying in a sense of personal achievement. How then do women who have acquired these tastes and habits, who are accustomed to a life of broad and vigorous contact with people and things, resign themselves to the greater or less quiet and monotony of home, to broken and occasional, instead of daily, intercourse with the outside world and friends? No man with a real love for a subject or profession could relinquish it because of marriage, the acquisition of a fortune, or any similar change of circumstance.

There is every reason to believe that a woman accustomed to regular hours, system, care of her income, and responsibility of many kinds, will make a successful home manager and wife. My observation includes many cases showing such adaptability and efficiency as that of a new wife, who, after a number of years spent in the state department as translator of half a dozen languages, threw herself with the same energy and success into the study of cooking and farming when, for the sake of her husband's health, she moved to the country. On the other hand, failures are quite common in the case of girls who marry without any experience of working conditions and whose inefficiency and ignorance of the high pressure and strain endured by the husband make his problems infinitely more difficult. Granting, then, that a few years spent on her own resources do not necessarily destroy a woman's efficiency as a practical housekeeper, one may consider the question as to whether the working woman finds her whole horizon permanently filled by the problems of food and housing that absorb her mind for the first six or twelve months of married life. The matter of her

personal happiness and its reaction upon her husband and family is indispensable to harmony and agreement. Four college women of my acquaintance have recently professed themselves as disappointed with the conditions and limitations of home-making and have resumed professional work, compromising with the needs of housekeeping as best they can. Formerly, the preparation of women for their self-support and their interest in their work were not serious enough to cause any interference with their happiness after marriage. But a woman trained in the modern way for professional life has a different attitude. She has chosen her work, not as something to do until she marries, but as a field in which she may be happy all her life, in case she never marries.

Although—if I may use a personal illustration—I had chosen my work on this modern basis and found much of my happiness in it, nevertheless I had always secretly thought that women expressing radical views in regard to marriage were “strong-minded,” unwomanly, and unlovely. But now I believe, and my husband heartily agrees with me, that marriage is not enough for the wife, or in a reactionary effect, for the husband himself. Men like to be proud of their wives, of their information and readiness in conversation, of their power to interest people and to make friends, and they soon realize that these things are not born of solitude. My own case has furnished some conclusions that are against all my previous convictions and thus claim the courtesy due to honesty. The instance may be an extreme one, both in the circumstances before marriage and the completeness of the isolation that happened to follow afterwards. Briefly, before marriage I was absorbed in my work in a university centre where there were exceptional opportunities for friendships as well as intellectual incentive, and my vacations were spent in my home in one of the states of the “Old South” where a very large family and much friendly intercourse gave variety and fullness to life. On my marriage we moved from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, settling in a large city of southern California, where my husband is engaged in college teaching.

Coming to a strange and distant city where I had no old friends or any previous association, my misgivings were that I

should suffer from lack of opportunities to meet people, especially as I could not depend on my old occupation to take me outside of my home. So I came armed with membership in various national and historical orders, but found no need of such papers, as the college circle makes a ready opening for newcomers, and receptions and social events of many kinds give plentiful opportunities for meeting persons connected with the college interests.

The settlement of the first home was an absorbing interest, and for some months wrestling with the new domestic conditions so different from those in the South, proved an inexhaustible subject of consideration. But study of marketing conditions and investigation as to the most economical and convenient sources of supply enabled me to fix upon orderly arrangements and to regulate expenses within the sum we could afford. Experience and observation give me fresh suggestions, but the main problems are substantially settled. The great convenience of a modest bungalow reduces my house work and general labor so much that I find a minimum of four hours is sufficient for the day's work all told.

We live one mile from college and my husband is gone all day, from his eight o'clock class until six at night, getting his luncheons at college. My "morning work" is soon done, and then there is the whole day before me. Reading and writing fill many hours, and as I have good library facilities and enjoy out-of-doors life, I should no doubt have formed the habit of wasting whole years of time, punished only by the unsatisfactory feeling of unfulfilled ideals, if I had had the proper accompaniment of women friends similarly inclined. I know how fleet the years are among the women in a Southern town with their easy sense of leisure and the amplitude of time. But I made an ungracious discovery. Why is it that young married women are dull and tiresome as friends? If this is too wholesale an indictment, can it be that the high cost of living makes especially of the college professor's wife a Martha, careful and troubled about many things? Friendship seems to make no progress with these conscientious wives, who, absorbed in domestic calculations, fail to respond to outside activities. Later, it is to be hoped,

they will emerge in brilliant colors and rich with stored wisdom, but not until middle life and greater ease of living free them for the generalities. Women who must have been delightfully interesting as girls seem indivisibly united with their husbands and households, and for purposes of responsive, growing friendship, they are not available.

Next to friends, books are the refuge and privilege of increased hours of leisure; but unrestrained reading produces stupefaction and revolt. At times when one longs to be abroad in the thick of things, books do not altogether suffice the spirit. And on days when no social visit or visitor throws a bright ray of fellowship into the home, the lone wife feels that she has nothing to say over the teacups to beguile the tired man, who, for his part, has been among inspiring people all day and feels the contrast of a dull home, she fears. One soon learns that the whole reward of good housekeeping is the silent acceptance of its comforts and wholesomeness by the family. This may seem a poor acknowledgement of the monotonous toil in keeping a home clean and attractive, until one realizes the childishness of demanding constant comment from busy minds.

I have neglected to state that I was a teacher. With many people, there is still a feeling that a girl who teaches has drifted into the profession as a waiting station, and that in a few years she is a worn, tired being, glad to find rest and release in marriage. This was undoubtedly often true when teaching was the only work open to women, but few educated women nowadays deliberately take up work which they hate. There is too much freedom and too intimate knowledge of the many fields open to women, whatever intellectual leaning they may have. I was a born teacher and never knew a feeling of regret during my years of preparation when my mates talked of missionary work, bridge-building, travel and literary projects, social, secretarial, and editorial work, with all the rose color that their ambition lent to the world and their hopes.

After my actual teaching began, it so happened that among my friends there was a large proportion of people not engaged in teaching, perhaps a factor in making the comradeship more interesting. Connected with the large university in the town

was a circle of really brilliant young women—librarians, teachers of unusual ability and power, and graduate students who were women of exceptional refinement, cultivation, and maturity of experience, the type of scholarly woman at her best. Several remarkably clever girls had charge of the libraries and literary work of the wealthier professors, who published a great deal of matter—private studies and research work in connection with the university. These young women had special knowledge of the subject at issue, were able to collect material for magazine articles, get text-books into shape for the printer, assuming considerable responsibility and thereby freeing the professor for travel, lectures, or other interests. People with equally interesting occupations came and went within our circle and there was always variety and freshness in the comradeship.

A group of us lived in a colony, collected by twos and threes in homes of the same neighborhood. This small centre gained and lost members each year, but a nucleus of old friends always lasted over and attracted delightful new members whose "life histories" added to our chronicles. After-college friendships mean more to girls than any subsequent or previous. In the years after the college gates have closed upon young women, the serious problems of life are before them, theories have been tested by several years' experience in the battle of life,—there is the question of marriage or of continuation in their work, and the struggle for success in it, all viewed with a more mature mind. Sorrows and sobering knowledge add a charity and thoughtful charm that is lacking in early girlhood.

Yet we formed a merry group together. In the morning, sober, silent young women set forth to a long day in their separate places. But the evening hours soon dispelled the fatigue of the day, and bright gowns and faces appeared at the dinner table. During the informal evenings, it was the custom to write letters together, to hold mending bees, to collect in one room for reading aloud, telling stories, or for personal confidence and chat. Our association together was a source of happiness and the training in adaptability and frank kindness was opposed to the spirit of selfishness which is likely to grow upon

a woman who lives alone and allows herself to become wholly absorbed in the pursuit of her individual interests.

Many of our outside pleasures were separate, of course, but the girls not borne off by masculine escort on any particular occasion banded together to see plays, hear lectures, or listen to music. These frequent pleasures, besides the regular courses of study we pursued, our discussions of them, our interests in people, in all that we did, filled our lives with much that was charming and profitable to us. Our men friends were in all professions and of all types—friends of college days, friends from "home," and new friends. Many were the midnight discussions, quite abstract and impersonal always, of the ideal man and the remarkable attributes each girl required him to have, while the discreet listeners made wily applications and deductions as to the speaker's state of mind and the probable course of future events.

As I look back upon those years I see nothing abnormal in them beyond the temptation to go too much, to rest and reflect too little. There were forlorn times when one was tired and discouraged, and the easiest way to deal with such moods was to push them into the background of consciousness, and to have company and diversion during all the leisure hours. A physician told one of our group that he saw more danger in the high nervous tension and strain of her life than in all the ills and struggles of married life.

Independent women are coming more and more to regard marriage as a matter of definitely giving up a "career," whereas some years ago a woman who loved her individual occupation probably accepted a welcome marriage when it came, without deliberately weighing the balance between her heart and her profession. I know three sisters, normal attractive women, who, having had many opportunities of marriage which to others seemed to have great promise of congeniality and happiness, nevertheless stand firmly on the ground that they cannot give up their professions and the variety and fullness of the lives they now lead on the chance that in old age they may regret not having formed other ties. They are devoted daughters, lovely i unusual womanliness and charm, but they are perfectly

resolute even in the face of what might be called an ideal marriage. Their delightful home together, charming friends, and interesting occupations full of future promise satisfy them completely now, though probably if they were separated and if each were exposed to the loneliness that comes to any soul without intimate ties, they would marry, as one instinctively feels a noble woman should. The instance shows clearly how the love for an individual life has grown upon the best and truest of women. In like manner, two splendid women of my acquaintance were telling me recently of their interesting work and of their travels and experiences in making some investigations in connection with it. They live comfortably together in a large apartment with such domestic arrangements that they may entertain freely. They are fond of travel and their excellent salaries allow them regular vacations abroad. With this background of home and social position, their status is equal to that of any married woman—their graciousness, hospitality, and freedom of opinion win a difference not given to the blue-stocking of years ago—while they may put their whole attention, as a married woman cannot, upon stirring subjects that give purpose to their lives. Even a happy wife, who knows the drawbacks to such an existence, cannot but feel a momentary pang at such a glimpse of satisfying activity and association with people and events.

I feel that my training and any power of thought I have are worth little if they do not help me to reorganize the conditions of my life and to adjust myself to find happiness in new ways. I believe that every married woman should have a serious individual interest outside of her home. It is not likely to be something that would take bread from the mouths of single women, and it should be an occupation that could diminish or lapse during the years of childbearing and then be assumed again. Every woman would be the better for the addition of some outside interest to domestic matters, and so would the husband, who usually has less fear of his wife's becoming a Mrs. Jellyby than a dull drudge. Perhaps some domestic women can fill their minds completely with embroidery and household cares, making these things an end in themselves, but modern women who have been used to full lives of study and regular occupation,

who have tasted the delight of attainment, keep house as a means to an end, for the safety, comfort and health of the family, and not for the work's sake. This newer-fashioned woman who has an outlook beyond the routine and the mechanical, wishes to master scientifically the ordinary running of her home, solve the problem of extracting the largest amount of comfort from the income, provide for the "higher life" as generously as possible, and then with the normal course of things settled in the proper level, have mind-space for fresh subjects. Housekeeping takes less and less thought and study. Then the time comes when the children leave the home as empty as at first. What is so rare and so beautiful as to see a gracious, happy woman of middle life presiding over a home where order and comfort reign, and yet able to give herself and her experience to others in some form of active communication with people!

Someone has said that woman's life may well be divided into three periods: the first twenty-five years for education, the second twenty-five for the rearing of her children, and the third twenty-five for public work of many kinds. A great force represented by the woman over fifty is probably largely lost in America because gradual changes of taste and habit lay waste the mind. Only the full use of all the mental powers throughout the whole of life will enable a woman to reach three score and ten with the beautiful wisdom and dignity of age. Arnold Bennett's tragic history of the two sisters, spirited and eager in youth, who in middle life are unable to use great wealth and leisure towards the slightest change in their routine, and who spend their last and best years grieving over the decline of their fat dogs and the increasing blackness and dirt of the manufacturing district which had engulfed the inconvenient house, is a page from an earlier time, but impresses the young homemaker of to-day with the urgent need of establishing at least one channel of vigorous communication with the outside world.

What this special interest shall be, each must decide for herself. Some women must continue their studies in music or other fields, do tutoring, designing, or follow similar lines of interest which lend themselves to irregular hours of attention. Several women I know have ventured into large enterprises,

using their homes as a basis for adding to the family income, but only special circumstances make such plans advisable or feasible. The united charities and social organizations are always glad of intelligent volunteer assistance in many forms of their work, and this could be a resource to women whose circumstances and temperament are suitable. In my own case, I do not know what my final plans will be, but I am hopefully looking about. It seems impossible to resume teaching. Some of my women friends have continued to teach after marriage, but this breaks into the home life and necessarily postpones motherhood. If I were in my native state, my first interest would be work among the mountain whites, as I have long been interested in that subject and have the experience and information of some years' connection with it to enable me to be useful in it to some degree. Again, if we lived in a smaller college town I should probably be able to take more part in my husband's life and work by making friends among the students, entertaining them in our home, and earning the right to feel that we were more of a personal influence in their lives. But our university is of the large city type, the three thousand students live mostly at home, and there is little intercourse between the students and the professors. But somewhere I shall find an additional interest that will fit into my home and not disturb its comfort, regularity, or purpose. By nature and training I believe in the sweet old-fashioned ideals of home, in its peace and rest as a retreat from the world, and by experience of the fruits of personal endeavor, I believe in using our powers and energies to the full, bringing into our lives every influence that freshens and brightens our aspirations for all the good that we may be or grow into—"So comes the golden year."

MARY EADS.

THE OTHER MADISON CAWEIN

Henry James once took his own and his adopted countrymen to task for "granting a prodigious ear to some one manifestation of an author's talent and caring nothing whatsoever for the others."

From a sympathy thus limited the late Madison Cawein in some measure suffered. Cordially applauded for certain achievements, he often failed to receive due recognition for his other activities. Upon his conspicuous gifts as observer and interpreter of the exquisite in nature hearty acclaim was bestowed; but meantime in other fields he exercised his talent with a charm and an artistry which might have secured his fame, had not his eminent and original success with the delicate and the fanciful focussed critical taste — occasionally to the neglect of his other poetizings.

The particular dictum which Mr. Cawein himself never relished was that which pronounced his work deficient in human interest. With some measure of truth a discriminating critic once interpreted this charge as high praise. Just the fact, said this critic, that his poetry transports to a region different from the work-a-day, dragon-slaying world is one of its prime charms; thus it fulfils that excellent function of art — the refreshment of the spirit in a diviner ether, the liberation of the fancy into an ampler air than that of the sometimes all too human.

However apposite this praise, none the less is it true that one of the chief sources of Mr. Cawein's appeal may be traced to certain essentially human elements in his poetry. For, though the materials of his muse were largely of that world familiarly generalized as "Nature," it is somewhat paradoxical that, with a frequency so repeated as to have become characteristic, those materials when finally shaped into poetry were mingled with ingredients distinctly human. This "human" note resulted partly from the fact that the poet's materials were presented through a definite human personality intensely loving what it reproduced. Moreover, those materials were frequently so rich

with associations deeply imbedded in the human heart, its affections, its memories.

However inadequately general criticism has noted this, there is one instance of greater discrimination which makes amends for lesser visions. Mr. Howells, so prompt and generous in his recognition of Mr. Cawein's early work, spoke again a few years ago in terms which did honor to the poet and did still more honor to Mr. Howells's own magnanimity and critical integrity. With fine simplicity correcting or supplementing one of his earlier comments, he said: "I had not stayed to see that his nature poetry was instinct with human poetry, with mine, with yours. . . . I ought to have said, as I had seen, that not one of his lovely landscapes in which I could discover no human figure, but thrilled with a human presence penetrating to it from his most sensitive and subtle spirit until it was all but painfully alive with memories, with regrets, with longings, with hopes, with all that from time to time mutably constitutes us men and women, and yet keeps us children."

In poem after poem lies illustration for Mr. Howells's text. Among Mr. Cawein's most typical inspirations were old homes among the hills, ancestral fields and farms, old gardens—

That our day inherits,
 Their doors, round which the great trees stand like wardens ;
 Their paths down which the shadows march like spirits ;
 Broad doors and paths that reach bird-haunted gardens.

These scenes, so intimately implicated with human destiny, are embroidered over and over again upon the tapestry of his page:—

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree ;
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be ;
In boyhood I knew them and still they call to me ;
* * * * *
Old homes ! Old hearts ! Upon my soul forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter ;
Like love they touch me through the years that sever,
With simple faith ; like friendship, draw me after
The dreamy patience that is theirs forever.

Just as characteristic is such a mood as was the poet's persistent aspiration toward ideal beauty. It is just as typical as his remarkable response to the delicate and exquisite in color, sound,

fragrance, movement,—a response which ranks his work with the most enchantingly sensuous poetry in English or American literature. If to walk with him in the woods was a lesson in the swift reaction of the human senses—to the thin song of grig or cricket, the flutter of a twilight-moth's wings, the hermit thrush's magic flute, to the iridescence of autumn or to some patch of bluets whose pale pastel was sometimes too far away to arrest ordinary vision—so now, no less, to turn his page is to be aware of unmistakable emotional response to scenes whose chief notes are their human associations. Now it is an old barn, "low, swallow-swept and gray." And now,—

Fern and leaf-hid, gleaming homeward,
Drips the wildwood spring I knew,
Drips the spring my boyhood knew.

Still again the "long, long thoughts" are stirred by some homelier but scarcely less beguiling ancient water-mill with its—

. . . . cob-webbed stairs and loft and grain-strewn floor,
Thy doors—like some brown honest hand of toil
And honorable with labor of the soil,
Forever open.

The simple and happy trope of the last lines is indicative of Mr. Cawein's image-making gift in characteristic play. It illustrates his frequent employment of some human quality to emphasize some aspect of nature and, vice versa, his finding in nature some analogy for a human personality or situation. With particular felicity this technical trait is exemplified in such lines as these:—

The garden there—where the soft sky clears
Like an old sweet face that has dried its tears.

One of the most impressive and sustained instances of this trope-making occurs in *A Voice on the Wind*—a poem palpitant with both human emotion and feeling for Nature's pathetic aspects:—

Who is she who wanders alone,
When the wind drives sheer and the rain is blown?
Who walks all night and makes her moan:
"O my children, come home!"
Whose face is raised to the blinding gale,
Whose hair blows black and whose eyes are pale,

While over the world goes by her wall,—
 "O my children, come home, come home!
 O my children, come home!"
'Tis the Spirit of Autumn, no man sees,
The mother of Death and Mysteries,
Who cries on the wind all night to these,
 "O my children, come home!"
The Spirit of Autumn, pierced with pain,
Calling her children home again,
Death and Dreams, through ruin and rain,—
 "O my children, come home, come home!
 O my children, come home!"

Meantime with even greater copiousness Mr. Cawein's familiar Nature World offered him comparisons when he wished to poetize human emotion or episode. Effectively was he thus served in the beautiful lines of *A Flower of the Field*,—a poem subtly and artistically presenting a story against a lovely and humanized background:—

All seemed the same: the martin-box—
 Sun-warped with pigmy balconies—
Still stood with all its twittering flocks,
 Perched on its pole above the peas
And silvery-seeded onion-stocks.

The clover-pink and the rose; the clump
 Of coppery sunflowers, with the heat
Sick to the heart; the garden stump,
 Red with geranium pots, and sweet
With moss and ferns, this side the pump.

Noon nodded; dreamier, lonelier
 For one long, plaintive, forest-side
Bird-quaver.—And I knew me near
 Some heartbreak anguish. . . . She had died.
I felt it, and no need to hear!

I passed the quince and pear-tree; where
 All up the porch, a grape-vine trails—
How strange, that fruit, whatever air
 Or earth it grows in, never fails
To find its native flavour there!

And she was as a flower, too,
 That grows its proper bloom and scent
No matter what the soil; she, who,
 Born better than her place, still lent
Grace to the lowliness she knew.

Still another engaging mirroring of the human heart in the larger heart of Nature is that achieved in the poem *Unrequited*, with its fine similitude for an obdurate breast:—

So have I seen a clear October pool,
Cold liquid topaz, set within the sear
Gold of the woodland, tremorless and cool,
Reflecting all the heartbreak of the year.

So have I seen a rose set round with thorn,
Sung to and sung to by a bird of spring,
And when, breast-pierced, the bird lay all forlorn,
The rose bloomed on, fair and unnoticing.

But throughout those numerous poems wherein appear both nature and the human, Mr. Cawein's art was never happier than in those several lines which the reader's memory may frame as "Landscapes with figures." What Wordsworth repeatedly did for the Westmoreland peasants and the nineteenth-century French painters did for the open-air toilers of France, Mr. Cawein, with faithful, sympathetic brush, did for the harvesters, the berriers, the vintagers of his native land. Types of healthy toil, of pastoral romance, these figures are characteristically American, indeed often Kentuckian, yet in a sense also universal. It is significant that Mr. Gosse, in his English edition of Mr. Cawein's work, felt impelled to include several of these portraits—that of *The Tollman's Daughter*, for instance:—

. . . . waist-deep among the briers;
. . . .
For her I know where'er she trod
Each dew-drop raised a looking-glass
To flash her beauty from the grass;
That wild-flowers bloomed along the sod,
And whispered perfume when she smiled;
The wood-birds hushed to hear her song.

For fidelity and charm of presentation several poems of this order are not unworthy of standing beside the *Solitary Reaper* and other Wordsworthian figure-pieces, or Keats's *Ruth* "in tears amid the alien corn." Yet unlike these classic examples many of the Caweinian figures take their charm less from their note of pathos or philosophy than from their wholesome vigor and idyllic content. They are nearer to Tennyson's *Dora*, or *The Miller's Daughter*. No brothers of *The Man With the Hoe*, as

Edwin Markham saw him, are these types—if none the less authentic:—

The brawny-throated harvesters,
 Their red brows beaded with the heat,—
 By twos and threes among the wheat.

 The binders—men and maids that sing
 Like some mad troop of piping Pan.

 Come where the reapers whet the scythe,
 Where golden sheaves are heaped, where berries blythe
 With willow basket and with pail,
 Swarm knoll and plain;
 Where flowers freckle every vale
 And beauty goes with hands of berry stain.

Still more beguiling is such a group as this:—

And down the orchard vistas,—young,
 A hickory basket by him swung,
 A straw-hat, 'gainst the sloping sun
 Drawn brim-broad o'er his face,—he strode
 As if he looked to find some one,
 His eyes far-fixed beyond the road.

 And where the cows' melodious bells
 Trailed music up and down the dells,

 He saw her waiting, fair and slim,
 Her pail forgotten there for him.

 Across the rambling fence she leaned
 Her fresh round arms all white and bare,
 Her artless beauty, bonnet-screened,
 Rich-colored with its auburn hair.
 A wood-thrush gurgled in a vine—
 Ah! 'tis his step, 'tis he she hears.

The imagists, the sociological versifiers, and other exponents of the contemporary muse's *dernier cri*, have endeavored to lead us far from this kind of poetry. But there are many to whom it still appeals. It is as characteristic of certain aspects of America as Whittier's or Whitman's poems, or as our multitudinous short stories, infused with local color, are of their respective scenes and inspirations.

Though the beauty of his Kentucky meadows was always persuading Mr. Cawein to reproduce its idyllic features and figures, not always were his landscapes with figures so serene and ami-

able. For instance, his striking poem *The Feud*, for all its concessions here and there to Beauty, is just as successful in rendering the wild and undisciplined in nature and man as other poems are in memorializing the calm and fair:—

Rocks, trees and rocks; and down a mossy stone
The murmuring ooze and trickle of a stream
Through bushes where the mountain spring lies lone,—
A gleaming cairngorm where the shadows dream,—
And one wild road winds like a saffron seam.

Here sang the thrush, whose pure mellifluous note
Dripped golden sweetness on the fragrant June;
Here cat- and blue-bird and woodsparrow wrote
Their presence on the silence with a tune;
And here the fox drank 'neath the mountain moon.

A wasp buzzed by, and then a butterfly
In orange and amber, like a floating flame;
And then a man, hard-eyed and very sly,
Gaunt-cheeked and haggard and a little lame,
With an old rifle down the mountain came.

He listened, drinking from a flask he took
Out of the ragged pocket of his coat;
Then all around him cast a stealthy look;
Lay down, and watched an eagle soar and float,
His fingers clutching at his hairy throat.

The shades grew longer, and each Cumberland height
Loomed, framed in splendours of the dolphin dusk.
Around the road a horseman rode in sight;
Young, tall, blond-bearded. Silent, grim, and brusque,
He in the thicket aimed.—The gun rang husk;

And echoes barked among the hills and made
Repeated instants of the shot's distress—
Then silence—and the trampled bushes swayed,—
Then silence, packed with murder and the press
Of distant hoof that galloped riderless.

Those who know Mr. Cawein chiefly as interpreter of the exquisite, worshipper of Ideal Beauty, as devotee of classic divinities—faun, nymph, dryad, of Oberon and Queen Mab—may here find a sinewy expression, a virile imagination as typical, as adequate for the theme as are his delicate fancy and his exquisite phrasing for his more Ariel-like moods and visions.

So fresh and ardent was Mr. Cawein's work at its best, so happy and abundant were his native wood-notes wild, insufficient

recognition was sometimes given to his craftsmanship. Though by no means was his technique always perfect, by no means was his artistry entirely negligible. It was evident in his several feud poems and in many others of less melodramatic quality. This craftsmanship was often displayed in the evocation of atmosphere and in the focussing of dramatic episode or significant emotion in a final line or stanza. Extraordinarily sensitive himself to "spirit of place," Mr. Cawein was often most impressive in poems wherein the influences of the scene were interpreted as being no less potent than those of articulate human personality. An example of this is in the final division of *At the Lane's End*. This intensely human poem presents — if by suggestion rather than explicit narrative—a drama of human lapse, spiritual awakening, spiritual renewal. It might have been named *The Return*. Its earlier portion pictures an old home:—

The clouds roll up and the clouds roll down
Over the roof of the little town ;
Out in the fields where the pike winds by
Fields of clover and bottoms of rye.
You will find the pales of the fallen fence,
And the tangled orchard and vineyard, dense
With the weedy neglect of the thirty years.
.
And here was a nook for the princess plumes,
The snap-dragons and the poppy-blooms,
Mother's sweet-williams and pansy flowers,
And the morning glories' bewildered bowers,
Tipping their cornucopias up
For the humming-birds that came to sup.
.
And the old log-house where my innocence died,
With my boyhood buried side by side.

Then follow lines which more forcibly than description press home the point of the poem; no comment is needed to heighten or praise the contrast between the tender dreaming beauty of the deserted home and the blighted, wasted heart of its returning prodigal:—

Shall a man with face as withered and gray
As a wasp-nest stowed in a loft away,—
Where the hornets haunt and the mortar drops
From the loosened log of the clap-board tops ;—
Whom vice has aged as the rotting rooms

The rain where memories haunt the glooms;
 A hitch in his joints like the rheum that gnars
 In the rasping hinge of the door that jars;
 A harsh cracking throat like the old stone flue
 Where the swallows build the summers through;
 Shall a man, I say, with the spider sins
 That the long years spin in the outs and ins
 Of his soul, returning to see once more
 His boyhood's home. . . .

Shall he not take comfort and know the truth
 In its thread-bare raiment of falsehood?—Yea!
 In his crumbled past he shall kneel and pray,
 Like a pilgrim come to the shrine again
 Of the homely saints that shall soothe his pain,
 And arise and depart, made clean from stain!

This poem belongs to Mr. Cawein's earlier period of work, but its mood and tone recur in some of his later poems. These more and more bore witness to a deepening of thought and feeling. His work in this vein compares by no means unfavorably with that of others less narrowly identified than he with the sensuous, the old delectable world of ever-changing hue, of beautiful form and bewitching sound—

For all around me upon field and hill
 Enchantment lies as of mysterious flutes.

Briefly and memorably are spiritual values affirmed in such poems as *The Over-soul*, *Prayer for Old Age*, *The Shadow*, and the oft-quoted lines beginning, "Spare us our dreams." But marked by a spiritual tone still more sustained are three of the lyric dramas in the volume entitled *The Shadow Garden*. If no great praise may be accorded to the dramatic merits of these plays, high claim may be made for the rare beauty and seriousness of their spiritual tone and poetic art. The phantasy which gives the book its name is as ethereal as some of the earlier Maeterlinckian dramas, without however any suggestion of morbidness. The scenes reverse the formula of some of the Flemish playwright's works—by moving not to a tragic *dénouement* but to a finale of reconciliation and happiness. Gosamer-fine the texture of this phantasy, its subsidiary characters being those lovely small things of earth which charmed the poet's senses. But for all its dream-spun woof, it is defi-

nately woven across by spiritual beauty. Its dominant idea is: the wisdom of holding fast to the Dream; a fidelity whereby the erring and disillusioned may yet be free—"as young-eyed Innocence"—of the heart's Eden so alluringly adumbrated in *The Shadow Garden*.

For all the ethical implications of this phantasy, its author in theory and practice shunned moralizing perhaps more resolutely than did any other poet of his day who took his art seriously. His was a philosophy different from that of Sainte-Beuve about the True, the Good, the Beautiful,—Mr. Cawein would have chosen for his own motto, the Beautiful, trusting the True and the Good to take care of themselves. That they sometimes do—even to the point of ultimately and significantly gaining the allegiance of one originally dedicated to the third of their great trinity—is attested by two other dramas in *The Shadow Garden*. These, *The Witch* and *The House of Fear*, are fairly solemn in their enunciation of what is widely accepted as a genuine spiritual verity. Despite their occasionally happy freight of sensuous beauty, both are homilies on the text that one saving grace can avail to bring the erring back to the upward way:—

A mite of good
Within a soul outweighs a ton of evil.

Pity and Love are the redeeming forces in *The Witch*. In *The House of Fear* the saving grace is that third of the golden virtues to whose potency preacher and poet have done, one sometimes thinks, but inadequate justice,—“Immortal Hope,”—before whose might and splendor vanish Despair and other sombre figures of the play.

For the æsthetic theorists and other philosophers these dramas, despite their shortcomings, offer material for comment and speculation; for instance, about that mystery—the power of sensuously perceived beauty to exalt the soul and lead it to the verge of that Kingdom of Perfection whose three great towers are the Good, the True, the Beautiful. For, the statement may be safely ventured, it was largely through his passion for the loveliness of the visible world and its influence upon him that Mr. Cawein advanced to apprehension of the inner, no

less various and beautiful realm of things spiritual; in the earthly fair he came to discern the clue—

That leads us to His Presence
Above the starry blue.

It is not without significance that both worlds, external and spiritual, are side by side poetized in some of the most lovely and impassioned lines of his maturity,—the conclusion of *The House of Fear*. Now that he lies dead all too soon, these lines may not inappositely serve as his own exultant epitaph:—

Light breaks around me and the winds of dawn
Sweep the wild mists of tempest far to sea.
There is no darkness now, but rivered light,
Flowing from out the source of boundless day.
And beauty, who I dreamed was dead, behold,

.
Beckons me yonder from the daybreak!—there,
Silver and snow above the infinite blue.

.
And I am free to run and shout with morn
Upon her hills, one with the Sons of Heaven,
And all the stars!

ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL.

Louisville, Ky.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Stephen Higginson, the father of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was bursar of Harvard University and the organizer of the famous Harvard Divinity School. It was during his term of office as bursar that his illustrious son Thomas Wentworth Higginson* was born at Cambridge on the twenty-second of December, 1823. The babe was not robust, and for that reason, all the more, became the special object of affection in Stephen Higginson's large family of eleven children. But the child's health improved with his increasing years, and at a tender age he was sent to school. In the Cambridge school young Wentworth had James Russell Lowell, familiarly called "Jimmy Lowell," as a companion; and here they were both prepared for college. The schoolmaster, Mr. Wells, an Englishman, laid the chief emphasis on athletics and the humanities; and when Wentworth was nine, his mother recorded that he had read a great many books and was especially fond of natural history and outdoor exercise.

In his college days young Higginson, according to his biographer, presented a curious combination of qualities,—“intellectual precocity with immaturity of character, and a marked love of study with a great fondness for athletic sports.” He is said to have been somewhat sentimental, and partly because of his extreme youth—he was only thirteen when, as a freshman, he entered Harvard, the youngest of the forty-five members of his class—he was unpopular with his fellow-students. His only intimate friend in the freshman class was Francis E. Parker, who wrote of his youthful classmate, “I like Wentworth rather, quite well. He is now young, but a good scholar—tolerable looking, awkward.” While an undergraduate at Harvard Higginson won the friendship of Edward Everett Hale,—a friendship which grew stronger with the passing years and which was only dissolved by death. In commenting on this friendship Colonel Higginson once wrote in his journal:—

**Thomas Wentworth Higginson: The Story of His Life.* By Mary Thacher Higginson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1914.

"There is a curious parallel in some respects between the life of Edward Everett Hale and my own. He is nearly two years older than myself, graduated at Harvard College two years before me (1839); each of us having the second rank in his class, a time when much more was thought of college rank than now. . . . Each of us was six feet tall; each of us combined the love of three studies which are rarely combined—Greek, mathematics and natural history—and had on this last point the invaluable influence of Dr. Thaddeus William Harris, librarian, botanist and entomologist. Each of us therefore was tempted out of doors, a very desirable temptation to naturally studious boys, and likely to strengthen their constitutions."

Young Higginson was always fond of walking, and this characteristic was evident even in his college days, when he used to walk often nine or ten miles a day. A favorite walk of his during those days was from Cambridge to Boston. His college journal shows that he was every inch a boy, though precocious. It records that he engaged in such boyish escapades as cutting recitations and prayers, breaking out window panes in the college chapel, taking off the hands of the college clock and staving in the dial, and decorating the walls of the chapel. In his diary an amusing comment on a certain recitation runs: "Snoozed thro' it all comfortably." But, for all his pranks, he was a good student, as may be inferred from the fact that he was admitted to the honor of the Phi Beta Kappa at the early age of sixteen. On the fly-leaf of one of his old text-books on conic sections he wrote, in 1906:—

"When I left college at graduation in 1841, a few months short of eighteen, I was the best mathematician in the class. . . . We studied this book in sheets as it came unbound from the press and I enjoyed it, and used to give my elder brother Waldo, who was a practicing engineer, lessons out of it. . . . Now, at eighty-three, I cannot comprehend one word of it. Do I know more or less than then?"

On graduation Higginson, like so many impecunious young men at the present time, undertook to teach school to tide him over a period of indecision till he determined upon the choice of a profession. The "young pedagogue," as he humorously referred to himself, was engaged in a school in Jamaica

Plain, near Boston, where the daily exercises began at the early hour of 6:30 in the morning and continued till "the cursed evening school." It excites no surprise that his experience in this all-day school was unsatisfactory and unhappy and that after six months' service he resigned his post to accept less strenuous work as a private tutor in the family of his cousin. During his callow days he tells us that he spent most of his meagre salary upon fine clothes and was regarded as something of a dandy. His reading at this period of his career was largely in German, for which he had a special aptitude. He did not, however, allow his passion for reading to encroach too much on his love of nature, which found expression in long cross-country walks. "Give me books and nature," he used to say, "and leisure and means to give myself up to them and someone to share my ideas with and I think I should be perfectly happy."

But teaching was not to the young pedagogue's liking and he therefore abandoned it after a brief experience, and under the influence of Dr. James Freeman Clarke decided to study for the ministry. Accordingly, Higginson took up quarters as a theological student at Divinity Hall, Cambridge, living a very frugal life on his scant means. But his purpose wavered and he withdrew from the Divinity School. He wrote to his fiancée, Miss Channing: "I should prefer poetry or, in general, literature—because that lasts the longest, but should be content with blacking boots, if I could only feel that to be the thing for which I was intended." Yet a year later he reëntered the same school and wrote to his mother that he found there great improvement,—"a higher tone of spiritual life and mental activity, a fine liberal spirit such as had never prevailed before." Somewhat later he wrote again to his mother, "I have been *writing* more in these two months (or six weeks) than in the previous five years—I had begun to doubt whether I should ever feel the *impulse* to write prose—now I have been manufacturing sermons and essays (to be read before the class) with the greatest readiness—all being crammed with as much thought as I can put into them." Meanwhile he had become quite radical, entertaining certain abolition views, and wrote in one of his hours of doubt, "I can't make up my mind whether my radicalism will

be the ruin of me or not." But the young reformer persisted in his adopted course of radicalism despite the solicitude and concern his conservative Unitarian family felt as to the final outcome of his abolitionism.

In September, 1847, Higginson was ordained, and at once accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Religious Society of Newburyport, Massachusetts. Two weeks after his ordination he married Miss Channing and the pair lived happily together on a slender salary that afforded them abundant opportunity to practice frugality and to conduct their household without servants. This they did with perfect contentment. Apropos of the economy he practiced Higginson wrote: "We have now no bill over \$3.00 in Newburyport. We are amply provided for this year and the next must take care of itself. . . . On looking back at our expenses, the clothing account surprises me most—our united expenses have never gone beyond \$80.00, which is very little."

But in the meantime doubts about his call to preach began to assail the young pastor and to harass him, greatly disturbing his peace of mind. In a letter to his aunt he confessed that he sometimes felt "terribly false, like Mr. Emerson with a hole in the heel of his stocking. 'Why, nobody will know it,' urged his friend. 'I shall know it,' replied the sage, gently. But as regards *preaching* power I have no sort of doubt about its being my mission—in some form or other—that is, speaking to men, in the pulpit or elsewhere. . . . But enough of churches and preachers and future botherations; what trifles they all seem when spring is opening and the tardy blue anemones are almost ready to open their blue eyes."

Higginson began to develop an interest in social work in his community and preached and lectured there and elsewhere on slavery and temperance. He employed his facile pen no less than his tongue in these humane interests, writing constantly for various newspapers. He even went into politics and accepted the nomination of the Free Soil Party for Congress. But this proved a forlorn hope and he was doomed to defeat, as he was some years later when he became a candidate for Congress. Various movements then, in succession, enlisted his

attention and earnest efforts. But it was the anti-slavery movement that made the strongest and most lasting appeal to this young reformer's heart; and writing to a friend he once said, "The worst trait of the American race seems to me this infernal colorphobia." His frequent sermons against slavery had the effect of creating opposition to him in his pulpit, and after two years he resigned his pastorate, as he expressed it, "preaching himself out of his pulpit." In his resignation he remarked, "An empty pulpit has often preached louder than a living minister." In writing to his devoted mother of the step he had taken he said:—

"The case was perfectly simple. Mr. W. distinctly stated that they had no fault to find with me personally, they liked me and respected me; they were always interested in my preaching; they had no complaint as to my pastoral matters; the only thing he had ever heard mentioned was slavery and politics; my position as an Abolitionist they could not bear. This, he admitted, could not be altered; and he tacitly recognized that I had but one course to pursue."

After his resignation Higginson remained at Newburyport for two years, interesting himself in the welfare of the people and writing for the newspapers. In coöperation with his friend Samuel Longfellow he undertook to edit a volume of sea-poems called *Thalatta*. But just at that time Mrs. Stowe's great book *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was given to the world, spreading like wild-fire, and Higginson remarked concerning his own enterprise, "*Thalatta* is at a standstill because Mrs. Stowe exhausts all the paper mills." At this juncture the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted and Higginson became so much aroused over it that he threw himself heart and hand into the anti-slavery agitation. He delivered a revolutionary speech in Tremont Temple that induced some Abolitionists to undertake the forcible rescue of the slave Sims then held as a fugitive in the Boston jail.

In 1852, when Higginson fancied his preaching days were over, he received an invitation to become the pastor of the Free Church in Worcester and accepted. Here during his pastorate his policy was to make a special appeal to the young people of his community—a class that was always an unfailing source of

inspiration to him—and he enjoyed a successful ministry. His craving for larger opportunities was relieved by lecturing in other towns and by his active participation in Free Soil, Temperance, and Anti-Slavery conventions. Commenting in a spirit of light banter on one of his lectures, in a letter to his aunt, he says: "I spoke in Springfield on Sunday, to the Spiritualists, so called. My name was paraded in the streets in the largest capitals I ever had as the Rev. T. W. H., 'the eminent clergyman, popular author (!) and eloquent lecturer.' Directly over it were the remains of a theatrical handbill in large letters, 'The Fool of the Family'!"

During Higginson's ministry at the Worcester Free Church the slavery question was seething and the exciting Anthony Burns episode occurred. Higginson was one of several daring men who formed a conspiracy to thwart the operation of the law of the land and to rescue this fugitive slave in Court Square, Boston. The result was that Higginson bore for the rest of his life a scar on his body received from a policeman in the violent encounter of resisting the Fugitive Slave Law. This incident created great public agitation throughout New England, and Higginson was among those arrested by United States officers for causing a riot. But "the indictment," to quote from his *Cheerful Yesterdays*, written many years later, "was ultimately quashed as imperfect and we all got out of the affair, as it were, by the side door." The episode is interesting, however, as showing that Higginson had the courage of his conviction and acted from principle in this unpleasant affair, which terminated merely in what his mother designated a "horrid trial."

But Higginson had other matters to engage his attention besides the "underground railway," as the frustration of the Fugitive Slave Law was popularly called. He kept up his interest in botany and outdoor life and he devoted considerable time to writing. Indeed, some of the best literary work of his life was done during those perilous times in which our great Civil War was brewing. In 1853 he was solicited to contribute a series of essays to the new "literary and anti-slavery magazine," and the essays he wrote in response to this invitation appeared anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly*. These essays attracted considerable public

attention. "Saints and Their Bodies," the first of the series, so impressed Dr. D. A. Sargent that he decided to adopt physical training as a profession, and afterwards became director of the Harvard gymnasium. Another essay entitled "Ought Women?" was said to have resulted in the founding of Smith College and to have formed the entering wedge for the opening of Michigan University to women. Referring to his literary work about this period, in a summary of his life at thirty-six, the author of these essays says: "I do not expect any visible sphere or position except in literature — perhaps not there, because I do not find that my facility grows so fast as my fastidiousness. . . . Certainly nothing short of severe starvation shall make me write and print what does not in some degree satisfy my own conception of literary execution."

But the daily routine of parish work together with Higginson's various other activities proved to be too great a strain on his own nerves and actually undermined his wife's health, thus rendering an assistant for him imperative. Accordingly, in 1855 the Free Church voted him the desired relief; and so the way was paved for the Higginsons to spend the winter in the Azores, whither they decided to go for the benefit of their health. His strange experiences in those picturesque islands of the Atlantic Higginson describes in his essay "Fayal and the Portuguese," and while there he prepared a paper entitled "Sympathy of Religions," which he read many years later before the Parliament of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair. (This essay was subsequently printed in England and translated into French.) His return home from Fayal in June, 1856, he thus describes in a letter to his mother: "We arrived last night! . . . The world looks very odd, people talking English, lighted shops last night, and horses. To-day everybody with bonnets and shoes! People so well dressed, so intelligent and so *sick* — so unlike the robust baseness of Fayal and Pico. And the foliage is so inexpressibly beautiful. Houses agonizingly *warm* after the fireless rooms of Fayal and the chilly ocean."

Immediately upon his return Higginson threw himself with all his energy into the furious conflict then in progress between the free and slave states for the possession of the territory of

Kansas. He helped to equip emigrants to Kansas and himself made a journey through that territory. He wrote letters and frequent articles to the newspapers, reporting the progress of the different groups of immigrants and solicited contributions for the promotion of immigration to Kansas. These letters to the *New York Tribune* he subsequently published in pamphlet form, under the title *A Ride Through Kansas*. In a passage in one of these letters he says: "Coming from a land where millionaires think themselves generous in giving fifty dollars to Kansas, I converse daily with men who have sacrificed all their property in its service, and are ready at any hour to add their lives."

In January, 1857, having returned to Massachusetts, Higginson was among the first to join in a call for a "State Disunion Convention" to discuss the expediency of a separation between free and slave states. After this he cooperated with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and many others in the endeavor to hold a national convention for this purpose. While engaged in the "underground railway," as the rescue of fugitive slaves was called, Higginson had an interview with John Brown who asked him as a true Abolitionist for a contribution for the furtherance of the "secret service." In reply Higginson wrote him with perfect frankness, "I am always ready to invest money in treason, but at present I have none to invest." When the noted insurrectionist was arrested, Higginson, unlike many others who had aided and abetted him, did not desert him in his hour of trial, but resolutely stood his guard, declaring it a duty "to at least give him [Brown] their moral support on the witness stand." But Higginson did not stop here simply. He helped to raise money to provide able counsel for John Brown and even desired to rescue him from the clutches of the law after sentence had been pronounced against him. Apropos of the case Higginson recorded in his journal in 1860:—

"Last year at this time I was worn and restless with inability to do something for John Brown. Not that I grudged him his happy death—but it seemed terrible to yield him to Virginia. The effort to rescue Stevens and Hazlett—undertaken on my sole responsibility—restored my self-respect. It did not fail like the Burns rescue through the timidity of others—but simply through the impracticability

of the thing. . . . So far as John Brown is concerned, I should like this for an epitaph, 'The only one of John Brown's friends and advisers who was not frightened by the silly threats of Hugh Forbes into desiring that year's delay which ruined the enterprise.' "

When the war broke out in 1861 Colonel Higginson threw himself with complete abandon, of course, on the side of the Union. He was offered the position of major of the fourth battalion of the Worcester infantry, but declined to accept the offer. But he severed his connection with the Free Church of which he had been pastor for some years, and in the autumn of 1861 undertook to raise a regiment and a few months later received his commission in the 51st Massachusetts. He soon resigned this commission, however, and was ordered to take charge of a new regiment of freed slaves in South Carolina—"a thousand men, every one as black as a coal." He was very proud of the distinction of commanding the first negro regiment of ex-slaves. Colonel Higginson's Black Regiment operated chiefly in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, doing for the most part picket duty. He was himself incapacitated by a wound received in July, 1863, which rendered him an invalid for several years. He used to tell with a keen appreciation of humor how the town of Higginsonville, near Beaufort, South Carolina, where were the headquarters of his Black Regiment the greater part of the war,—the place being so named as a special honor to him and his regiment,—some years later was blown away in a hurricane. His war experiences in general Colonel Higginson subsequently described in his book *Army Life*.

About the end of the war, when Colonel Higginson had been honorably discharged from the service on the ground of invalidism, he settled in Newport, Rhode Island, whither his wife had removed during his absence. His wife had meanwhile become a helpless invalid, and on his return he devoted himself to making her comfortable. Moreover, he resumed his literary work which had been interrupted by his military service. At Newport he made the acquaintance of La Farge, the artist whom he used to delight to converse with and whom he greatly admired. Here, too, he first met Mark Twain, who impressed him as "something

of a buffoon, though with earnestness underneath." "When afterwards, at his own house in Hartford I heard him say grace at table," said he, "it was like asking a blessing over Ethiopian minstrels." His residence in Newport, of course, offered Colonel Higginson abundant opportunity to meet various public men and naval officers. But his social engagements did not absorb his entire attention by any means, for he found time to write monthly articles for the *Atlantic*, some of which were published later in a volume under the quaint title of *Oldport Days*.

After his military career ended, Colonel Higginson resumed his activity as a public speaker, never again to abandon it entirely. His lecture tours took him over various parts of the country. On one of these tours, in 1867, he wrote: "I have a great renewal of interest in the *Atlantic Monthly* from my trip out West where it preceded me everywhere and I have realized what a clientele it gave. In two places people came twelve miles to hear me because they had subscribed from the beginning." Again, speaking of a farmer he met, he says: "He and his father always looked for my articles in the *Atlantic*, and cut these leaves first—the best compliment I ever had." Once when lecturing in Concord, he was entertained by Emerson and wrote: "I staid at Mr. Emerson's, and it was very sweet to see him with his grandchildren. . . . tending the baby of seven months on his knee and calling him 'a little philosopher.'" Apropos of Emerson's dictum, "Better that the book should not be quite so good, and the book-maker abler and better and not himself often a ludicrous contrast to all that he has written," Colonel Higginson once wrote: "Perhaps no sentence ever influenced my life so much as this since 1844. It has made me vary my life and work for personal development, rather than to concentrate it and sacrifice myself to a specific result. . . . The trouble with me is too great a range of tastes and interests. I love to do everything, to study everything, to contemplate, and to write. I never was happier than when in the army entirely absorbed in active duties; yet I love literature next — indeed almost better; and I need either two lives, or forty-eight hours in the day to do all. How plain that there must be other spheres."

In 1866 Colonel Higginson finished his *Memorial Biographies*

containing sketches of those graduates of Harvard who had fallen in battle, and the following year he compiled a small volume called *Child Pictures from Dickens*, which he published very appropriately on the occasion of Dickens's second visit to America. In the meantime Colonel Higginson continued his *Atlantic* essays, such as "A Driftwood Fire," and, inspired by Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, undertook to write a romance, *Mal-bone*, which he published in 1869. During this same year appeared his *Army Life in a Black Regiment*. He then projected a book destined to be his *magnum opus*,—*The Intellectual History of Woman*,—but this project proved an iridescent dream that was never to materialize and the book never saw the light. However, he compiled a *History of the United States for Young People*, an excellent piece of work, which he published in 1874. This work set a new high standard in writing history for children, and Emerson, the Concord sage, gave it as his opinion that Higginson had done the world a great service by this juvenile history. The book, which turned out to be a great financial success for its author, was translated into French, German, and Italian, and in 1905 was printed in raised letters for the blind.

A great domestic calamity came upon Colonel Higginson in 1877 in the death of his invalid wife. A short while after this sad event, to divert his mind from his grief, he went abroad for a brief visit. On his return he removed to his old home town of Cambridge and planned him a new home. In February, 1879, he quietly married his second wife (who is the author of the present biography). Of this marriage two children were born, of whom the first died in infancy; the second lived to prove the joy and hope of her father's declining years.

In 1880 Colonel Higginson entered politics for the second time and was a delegate to the State legislature, serving two years. About this period he began his *Larger History of the United States*, which appeared first as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*, before being issued in book form. Meanwhile he was a regular contributor to *The Nation* and *The Independent*, and wrote a special series of weekly articles on "Women and Men" for *Harper's Bazar*. During the Mugwump movement in 1884 Colonel Higginson was an ardent supporter of Cleveland

and delivered a number of anti-Blaine speeches in the campaign. In 1886 he produced his imaginative story, *The Monarch of Dreams*, of which he wrote, "It is a great and almost unexpected delight to me to find that I can really write an imaginative story." Two years later he published *Travellers and Outlaws* and his first volume of verse, *An Afternoon Landscape*, though he had been writing fugitive poems for many years. Two of these poems stand out above all the rest, viz., "Decoration Day" and "The Things We Miss." Of the latter he once wrote to a friend, "I published the verses in 1870 without initials and nobody knew who wrote them . . . but they have been twice as much praised by strangers as all I have written besides in verse." This poem made an especially wide appeal, and its author himself remarked concerning it that it was his "best bid for immortality." His poetic genius also found expression in his translation of Petrarch's sonnets,—a very meritorious effort.

Colonel Higginson made several trips to Europe and met a number of distinguished men. In his little book *Carlyle's Laugh* he describes a memorable walk in Hyde Park he took on one occasion in company with Froude and the rugged sage of Chelsea. As a notable incident of this walk we learn that all three came very near being run over while crossing Rotten Row, and "dear old Carlyle had to run for his life." In England Colonel Higginson was entertained by such eminent men in various avenues of life as Gladstone, Huxley, Tyndall, Rawlinson, Freeman, Anthony Trollope and others. At the Voltaire Centenary in Paris he heard Victor Hugo speak. His impression of all these distinguished Europeans he has preserved for us in his *Cheerful Yesterdays*. During his journeys abroad Colonel Higginson was generally taken for an Englishman, and one day an Englishman he had met said to him in the course of the conversation, "Then you have been in America?" to which Colonel Higginson replied, "Very much so." Among other observations he made abroad anent this point of mistaken identity his diary records the following: "We pick up lots of Americans we never heard of at home and learn a good deal that is new about our country. . . . An Englishman watched me

through a knot-hole for some Americanisms. Said he detected a good many in Holmes."

In the latter years of his life Colonel Higginson used to spend his summers at Dublin, New Hampshire, engaged in his literary work. One summer there he met Mark Twain, whom he had for a neighbor and of whom he wrote in his diary: "Called on Clemens. Found him in bed where he prefers to write, a strange picturesque object, in night-clothes, with curly white hair standing up over his head. The bed was covered with written sheets which his daughter carried off at intervals, to be copied by her on typewriter, his secretary only writing his correspondence. He often leaves off anything in the middle and begins on something else and goes back to it. He has always worked in this way and likes it."

One of Colonel Higginson's characteristic traits was his sympathy for struggling young authors whose work possessed merit and real promise. And many a one of this class did he help to get on his feet by writing him a word of encouragement. But many a man, not included in this class, learning of the Colonel's widespread reputation for sympathy and generosity, used to apply to him for aid of a more substantial character and none came who did not go away richer than he came.

In 1896 Colonel's Higginson's health broke down under the strain of overwork and he was compelled to spend a twelvemonth or more in bed. But his facile pen was never idle, and during this period of ill-health he records that he earned more by writing than in several previous years. "Some people," said he, "think I write better than formerly, in my horizontal attitude!" After recovering his health he produced *Tales of the Enchanted Inlands of the Atlantic*, *Book and Heart*, and *Old Cambridge*. In 1900, when almost an octogenarian, he undertook his *Life of Longfellow*, and two years later his *Life of Whittier*, the former for the American Men of Letters series and the latter for the English Men of Letters series, respectively. Many years before he had written a *Life of Margaret Fuller Ossili*. During his long literary career his prolific pen hardly had any vacation, but ever kept busy till the hand that guided it was stilled in death, May, 1911. Moreover, his tongue continued almost as active as

his pen, for he was in constant demand as a lecturer or public speaker, even down to the crowning year of his long life of service.

In view of his marvelous fertility as a writer it is interesting to observe in his journal a comment he once made on his own style:—

“I have fineness and fire, but some want of copiousness and fertility which may give a tinge of thinness to what I write. . . . What an abundance, freshness and go there is about the Beechers, for instance. They are egotistic, crotchety and personally disagreeable and they often ‘make fritters of English,’ but I wish I could, without sacrificing polish, write with that exuberance and hearty zeal. . . . Shakespeare may have written as the birds sing, though I doubt it—but minor writers at least have to labor for *form* as the painters labor—the mere inspiration of thought is not enough. . . . There must be a golden moment, but also much labor within that moment. At least it is so with me, and I cannot help suspecting that it is even so with the Shakespeares.”

Colonel Higginson is portrayed in this biography as kindly and sympathetic and generous, a man of noble impulses whose achievement, at least in the realm of letters, was far greater than the promise of his early years. But the biography does not represent the interest of its subject as being by any means confined to the world of letters. Like Chremes in the play of Terence, Colonel Higginson is portrayed as being interested in all humane endeavors that have for their object the uplift and betterment of mankind; and the Terentian motto is peculiarly applicable to the subject of this biography, since nothing pertaining to humanity did Colonel Higginson deem foreign to himself. Of course, it is not to be expected that one's wife should write other than a sympathetic biography. But the present biography shows more than a mere sympathetic insight into the life of its subject. It shows evident literary skill and judgment in the selection of the salient facts to be presented and no inconsiderable grace in the simple and straightforward narration of those facts. The result is that the present story of Colonel Higginson's life is one that is admirable in wellnigh every respect and leaves but little to be desired.

EDWIN W. BOWEN.

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SHAPELESS IDLENESS

"I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness."

When Shakespeare used the expression "shapeless idleness," he undoubtedly had in mind the distinction between well-employed leisure and unoccupied time spent dully and without worthy interests: the words hold an implied belief in a kind of idleness that has a shaping power. 'Twas this sort of idleness that Thoreau indulged in. During his first summer at Walden Pond he did not read books, he tells us; he hoed corn. "Nay," he affirms, "I often did better than this." There were times when he "could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of head or hands." He would sometimes, on a summer morning, sit in his sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a revery, in undisturbed solitude and stillness. And he grew in those seasons, he tells us, "like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been."

If few of us have enjoyed such complete silence and solitude, we have all known days when "idleness was the most attractive and productive industry." Those cherished memories of far-away summer afternoons spent afloat on a salt-water pond, hid away behind the dunes, with the sound of the sea faint in our ears and before us the glory of meadow and wood; the homeward drift toward the setting sun, and the silent walk across the darkening fields—such memories, in their tranquillizing power, are worth the price of a kingdom. It is sometimes a blessed thing to spend our days—

"Outstretched in very idleness,
Naught doing, saying little, thinking less;"—

counting it one of our amusements—

"To see the sun to bed, and see him rise;"—

content, like Charles Lamb's forest-liver,—

"To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare."

A certain poet known to fame was wont to sit for hours in a dream, as moveless as the stone upon which he sat. Was it time ill spent? Nay, has he not left us his doctrine of a *wise passiveness*? Dante Gabriel Rossetti, we are told, was physically indolent. No doubt, his biographer adds, his mind was employed. This stillness of body and mind, seemingly in men of creative genius a condition essential to effective thought, is well described by Francis Thompson in his *Contemplation*:—

He scarcely frets the atmosphere
With breathing, and his body shares
The immobility of rocks;
His heart's a drop-well of tranquillity;
His mind more still is than the limbs of fear,
And yet its unperturbed velocity
The spirit of the simoon mocks.

The accusation of indolence—sometimes scarcely worth minding—easily attaches itself to one who is thus seemingly inactive. I recall with amusement the philosophic unconcern of a young lawyer whom I used to meet at a summer resort. This young man was clever and dexterous in more ways than one, and intellectually brilliant besides, but he had somehow gained a reputation for laziness. "I might as well *be* lazy," he used to say, "since I have the reputation." It is observable that the most aggressively and self-admiringly energetic persons are often quite inclined to skirk the obvious duties. It's a great nuisance, this having to think to provide a fresh egg for that little daughter whose delicate appetite refuses anything so hearty as fried bacon. These fastidious creatures who require special catering are a bother, of course. But did anyone ever expect to keep house without taking thought? Though there is little to gratify one's vanity in this kind of service, it is very sweet to take thought for others in these homely, practical ways; and this matter of nourishment is really important. To preside at a business meeting in the morning, stand in the receiving line all the afternoon, and sit through a tiresome banquet in the evening, may be no less exhausting than a day of house-cleaning. But to the self-complacent the pleasure of seeing and being seen, and the puffs of flattery snatched, make the expenditure of energy quite worth while. There is glory in these social and philanthropic

exertions; there's no glory in mopping floors and rubbing furniture.

George Eliot, more than fifty years ago, deplored the loss of leisure.¹ Her words deprecatory of modern eagerness are still applicable. How would the eager restlessness of the present day appear to her, the strenuous activity of the social devotee, the energetic efforts of those who are endeavoring to make the world over, those so-called *workers for humanity*, whose movements, to the on-looker, seem as ludicrously futile as the incessant motion of a goldfish in a glass bowl? I'm wondering how that wise observer of men and things would look upon the present-day political ambitions of women. Would the right of franchise seem to her a question of tremendous importance? Would she enroll herself among the militants? Inconceivable! These matters would concern her very little, I fancy. They might, however, call forth some essay, incomparable, discriminating; for, methinks, her sense of humor would be richly stirred.

Surely there is a vast amount of unessential activity in this age of ours. On every hand, in every sphere of life, there is a lack of conservation, an insufficiency of margin. This condition exists even in student life, even among those who have chosen to live in "a little Academe" apart. The Adviser of Women at Cornell University, in her report for 1912-1913, says:—

Out of 123 admissions to the Infirmary considerably more than a third were for causes indicating physical or nervous overstrain. Twenty-three cases were diagnosed as insomnia, eleven were merely "tired," five were cases of nervousness, three of hysteria, two of neurasthenia, one of asthenia,—a total of forty-five. I am convinced that practically all of this illness and loss of time could have been prevented by a

¹"Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow wagons, and the pedlars who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them: it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement; prone to excursion-trains, art museums, periodical literature, and exciting novels; prone even to scientific theorising, and cursory peeps through microscopes."—(*Adam Bede*, chap. lii.)

rational mode of life. In this connection I wish to say again and as emphatically as I can what I have said in a previous report, that it is *overplay* not overwork that sends our women students into the Infirmary to recuperate. In my four years' experience with this body of young women I have never known a single case of impairment of health that could be attributed to the pressure of university work alone.

I am convinced that the demands made upon many, perhaps upon most, of our women students by the various "activities" and social diversions of the college life are so continuous and so exhausting as seriously to menace their health and their future efficiency.

These social activities and athletic interests of student life are to be condemned only when excessive. They should never become paramount. Moderation is the great thing. To every effort there should be a balance of repose. Without repose there can be no growth. Growth is a reaching out, an unfolding, largely a voluntary process, usually an unconscious process. What are those words of Thoreau's?—"I grew in those seasons like corn in the night." It is worth while to remember that "those seasons" were long hours of idle revery.

Leisure is refreshment, a smoothing out, a guide to serenity, hence especially needful to the busy mother. A friend who is an active housewife writes me: "A read at night rests me more than anything. I enjoy myself until too sleepy to see, then I put out the light. I am very grateful for our quiet nights." In those days when almost every town had its Chautauqua Club, I used to hear of a woman, the mother of seven or eight growing children, who every day withdrew to the privacy of her own room for half an hour of quiet study. The lady was severely censured by her next-door neighbor for this "neglect of her children." But as her mother and her mother's sister were members of the household and quite willing to assume the care of the youngsters, and as her husband also belonged to the Club and took pleasure in going to the meetings with her, she was justified in giving herself this half-hour of refreshment. Indeed, her tenacity of purpose seemed to me admirable.

Leisure has been called a virtue, a quality of the mind. "Without leisure, we should have had fewer poems, pictures, music, good books, good sermons, good manners. Even John Wesley enjoyed and used his long lonely days spent in a post-chaise. How can anything grow ripe without leisure? Leisure is sunshine. The rising age, like all rising ages, is changing old things for new; and there is some danger of its abolishing leisure and getting to live in a perpetual hurry."¹

How to strike a balance between taking life too hard and taking life too easy will always be a problem. Mary Wilkins Freeman's story, *The Apple Tree*, is an amusing presentation of the two extremes. In this picture, Sarah Blake's outrageous strenuousness seems no less admirable than the day-long idleness of Sam Maddox and his wife. Shiftless, lazy, improvident, hopelessly unambitious, this Maddox man and woman have at least the virtue of serenity and the blessed faculty of enjoyment. Their pleasure in the blossoming apple-tree, which the indefatigable, dried-up old woman across the road has neither time nor heart to enjoy, almost redeems them from blameworthiness. Their shameless indolence seems almost better than Sarah Blake's determination to keep everybody stirring; comes very near indeed to being other than shapeless.

It seems to be such a hard matter nowadays to live the simple life, so hard even to succor the unfortunate in any simple, direct way. We perform our charities through organizations, and thus lose the reflex benefit therefrom. As life becomes more and more complex, our doings are less and less from the heart, our motives are less and less pure. When we interest ourselves in public affairs, it is well to ask ourselves how much the desire for publicity and the love of vainglory have to do with our choice of activities. This age has its dangers.

Though few of us are successful in giving to our lives the broad margin that Thoreau tells us he loved, though we find it impossible to allow ourselves enough of those seasons of growth, let us not forget that silence and solitude are as needful as company and chatter. To one whose mind is alive to significant

¹ *Sunningwell*, by Francis Warre Cornish; chapter I, page 13.

things, senseless chatter is as pestering as the ceaseless buzz of a fly. When mere circumstance becomes the chief interest, and gossipy trivialities and commonplaces make up the talk, the leisure hour ceases to be profitable. From such an atmosphere, a person who makes noble use of his intellect, dwelling habitually among high thoughts, escapes with a sense of relief; he feels his mind deteriorating. Such pastime is to him *shapeless idleness*.

MAY TOMLINSON.

Plainfield, N. J.

NIETZSCHE AND THE PRESENT WAR

It is very satisfactory to some minds to summarize, and to other minds to have summarized for them, a nation's or a person's spirit into a catchword or an epigram. We hear of the poet of protest, or of nature, or the philosopher of war. Now this sounds well; these phrases make good catchwords; they tickle our pseudo-intellectual palates; but the trouble with them is that they are seldom true. Of course they contain an element of truth. But to summarize the complexities of a great movement into a catchword or a phrase is obviously impossible, if such a statement is really to be true.

There was a time when Nietzsche was widely read, not only in Germany, but elsewhere. Hence we must ask ourselves whether this widespread interest constitutes a real influence in shaping the German policies which led to the present war. But right here it becomes necessary to pause and to come to an understanding. When the question is stated as it has just been stated, and as it is frequently stated, Is it the influence of Nietzsche that has had a real influence in shaping the German policies which led to the present war? we must beware lest we commit the fallacy of Many Questions. We would seem to be asserting that Germany is the real cause of the war; and that is in no wise the issue here. Our question is more specialized than that. Our question really is this, Suppose that Germany had caused the present war (and that is a question which up to this time has been neither proved nor disproved), is it or is it not true that the philosophy of Nietzsche has had a dominating influence in German policies?

The fact that a writer is widely read neither proves nor disproves that he wields a dominating influence. During the past decade Oscar Wilde has had a tremendous vogue in Germany, and yet one would not say that what the German would call Wilde's *Lebensanschauung* has exercised a real influence upon Germany. On the other hand, neither is the possibility of a Nietzschean influence disproved by any such argument. It is perhaps true that it has been one of the moments which has

contributed to the present condition, but that is vastly removed from saying that it has had the dominating influence that so many ascribe to it.

Let us look at some characteristic views of Treitschke and Bernhardi and see whether they are Nietzschean; or, perhaps, whether they are not in reality entirely out of harmony with Nietzsche. The aim here is not to prove a conclusion, but to raise a question and to present evidence concerning it. In the discussions concerning the war and various problems arising out of it, there has been much misinterpretation and misquotation. In order to avoid such charge, and in order to present the evidence correctly, this discussion will use frequent quotations.

Before proceeding, let us keep in mind that Nietzsche's doctrine, in the first place, is essentially an individualism and an individualism of power; that it is the overman who has the rights which his will makes for him. In the second place, that the aristocracy of the powerful are under no obligation to consider the masses or their interests; in fact, the masses furnish merely a background whose function is to be of assistance and not a hindrance in the overman's march for power. In the third place, we must remember that pity is a mistaken ideal and that any ideal which does not enhance the achievement of power is low, indeed downright bad. But before proceeding from this point, it becomes necessary to recognize that another interpretation of Nietzsche has been made. In that interpretation Nietzsche is believed to mean by the pity which he condemns, nothing except a pity which weakens him who feels it, and encourages degeneracy in him for whom the pity is felt. Those who adopt this view of Nietzsche hold that it is incorrect to characterize his doctrine as an injunction to a wild and brutal scramble for power; that, on the contrary, he is condemning a tame acquiescence to circumstance, and that he is preaching a higher justice, tempered by love, and aiming at developing what is godlike in humanity. If this be the true interpretation of Nietzsche, then our present problem disappears. As this is not the usual interpretation, however, it remains necessary to consider on the basis of that conventional interpretation, what the

evidence is for regarding him as a dominant intellectual factor in the production of the present war situation.

The struggle for survival is the fundamental law of life; and, Bernhardi believes, any attempt to abolish war entirely is in direct opposition to this fundamental law. The struggle for existence is good biologically in so far that it restricts unhealthy development, and thus keeps the race healthy and strong. In the same way he regards war as really a biological necessity. We must not close our eyes to facts as they are. In human life we find the strong man, whether of intellect, of will, or of brawn, asserting himself; the ambitious strive to rise; and in this assertion and strife they are not always guided by any consciousness of abstract right. It is no doubt true that many men are controlled by unselfish motives, but in general, men's actions are determined by less praiseworthy feelings—desire for possessions, or honor, or revenge. It is true that in our State, as contrasted with a state of nature, the intensity of the rivalry of individuals or classes is restrained by the law, which punishes injustice and wrong. The law derives its authority from the State. The State has the power which is actively employed in advancing the moral and spiritual interests of society, and without that power the law would be a dead letter. But when we reach the higher stage, beyond individuals and groups, where is the check upon the injustice of one State to another? The only check which prevents injustice between States is force, and it is the duty of each State as a factor in civilization to use that force for the promotion of its ideals.

The foregoing might lead one to conclude a considerable similarity between Bernhardi and Nietzsche. But this similarity is seen to be merely superficial as soon as one reads further in Treitschke and Bernhardi and discovers that their view is essentially a Nationalism as over against Nietzsche's Individualism. Treitschke believes that the State is a moral community. "It is called upon to educate the human race by positive achievement, and its ultimate object is that a nation should develop in it and through it into a real character; that is alike to nation and to individuals the highest moral task." Bernhardi believes that individualism can never realize this ideal. He

would agree with Idealistic ethics when he says: "Man can only develop his highest capacities when he takes part in a community, in a social organism in which he lives and works. He must be in a family, in society, in the State which draws the individual out of the narrow circle in which he would otherwise pass his life, and makes him a worker in the great common interest of humanity." Schleiermacher was right when he believed that the individual can reach the highest degree of life only through the State.

From this ideal Bernhardi reaches the conclusion that war which is entered into in order to protect the highest and most valuable interests of a nation is not only permissible, but morally obligatory. In other words, political idealism calls for war, whereas materialism, in theory at least, repudiates it. Furthermore, political power is necessary in order to make the realization of a nation's ideals possible; without the development of its material power, the achievement of moral ideals would be only an empty dream. "If we grasp the conception of the State from this higher aspect we shall soon see that it cannot attain its great moral ends unless its political power increases. The higher object at which it aims is correlated to the advancement of its material interests."

"At the moment when the State cries out that its very life is at stake, social selfishness must cease and party hatred be hushed. The individual must forget his egoism, and feel that he is a member of the whole body. He should recognize that his own life is worth nothing in comparison with the welfare of the community. War is elevating because the individual disappears before the great conception of the State. The devotion of members of a community to each other is nowhere so splendidly conspicuous as in war. What a perversion of morality to wish to abolish heroism among men!"

How different is Nietzsche's belief that "Neither the State, nor the people nor mankind exists for its own sake; the climaxes, the great individuals are the goal, but this goal points far beyond mankind. From all this it is clear that the genius does not exist for the sake of mankind, he is the climax, the final goal of mankind."

Bernhardi says: "The functions of true humanity are twofold. On the one hand there is the production of the intellectual, moral, and military forces, as well as of political power, as the surest guarantee for the uniform development of character; on the other hand there is the practical realization of ideals, according to the law of love, in the life of the individual and the community." Nietzsche says: "What is good? Everything that heightens the feeling of power in man, the will for power, power itself. What is bad? Everything that springs from weakness. What is happiness? The feeling that power is growing, that a resistance is overcome; *not* contentment, but more power, *not* peace as such; but war, *not* virtue, but efficiency." "I say yes to everything that makes life more beautiful, more intense, more worthy of being lived. If illusion and error develop life, I say yes to them. If hardness, cruelty, strategy, disregard of others, love of struggle, can increase the vitality of man, I say yes to evil and sin. If I believe that suffering helps the human race, I say yes to suffering. If science and morality diminish vitality, I say no to them."

Treitschke and Bernhardi, unlike Nietzsche, do not set up power in and for itself as their aim. Power is desirable and necessary only for the sake of the realization of an ideal. They disclaim adherence to the Machiavellian doctrine that the acquisition and advancement of power is the keynote of every policy. Treitschke says: "The State is not physical power as an end in itself, it is the power to protect and promote the higher interests; power must justify itself by being applied for the greatest good of mankind.

"The increase of this power is thus from this standpoint also the first and foremost duty of the State. This aspect of the question supplies a fair standard by which the morality of the actions of the State can be estimated. The crucial question is, how far has the State performed this duty, and thus served the interest of the community? And this not merely in the material sense, but in the higher meaning that material interests are justifiable only as far as they promote the power of the State, and thus indirectly its higher aims.

"The gulf between political and individual morality is not so

wide as is generally assumed. The power of the State does not rest exclusively on the factors that make up material power—territory, population, wealth, and a large army and navy; it rests to a high degree on moral elements, which are reciprocally related to the material. The energy with which a State promotes its own interests and represents the rights of its citizens in foreign States, the determination which it displays to support them on occasion by force of arms, constitute a real factor of strength, as compared with all such countries as cannot bring themselves to let things come to a crisis in a like case. Similarly a reliable and honorable policy forms an element of strength in dealing with allies as well as with foes.

"As regards the employment of war as a political means, our argument shows that it becomes the duty of a State to make use of the *ultima ratio* not only when it is attacked, but when by the policy of other States the power of the particular State is threatened, and peaceful methods are insufficient to secure its integrity. This power, as we saw, rests on a material basis, but finds expression in ethical values. War therefore seems imperative when, although the material basis of power is not threatened, the moral influence of the State (and this is the ultimate point at issue) seems to be prejudiced. Thus apparently trifling causes may, under certain circumstances, constitute a fully justifiable *casus belli* if the honor of the State, and consequently its moral prestige, are endangered. This prestige is an essential part of its power. An antagonist must never be allowed to believe that there is any lack of determination to assert the prestige, even if the sword must be drawn to do so.

"It must always be kept in mind that a State is not justified in looking only to the present, and merely consulting the immediate advantage of the existing generation. Such policy would be opposed to all that constitutes the essential nature of the State. Its conduct must be guided by the moral duties incumbent on it, which, as one step is gained, point to the next higher, and prepare the present for the future. 'The true greatness of the State is that it links the past with the present and the future; consequently the individual has no right to regard the State as a means for attaining his own ambition in life.'"

To bring out the difference between this position and the doctrine of Nietzsche, a short quotation is sufficient: "You shall love peace as the means to new wars. And the short peace better than the long one. I do not counsel labor but battle. Let your labor be a battle, let your peace be a victory. You say 'it is the good cause that justifies the war?' I say unto you: it is the good war that justifies any cause."

Multiplication of such citations is unnecessary, for those given are sufficient to show wide divergence in point of view. Furthermore, suppose that Nietzsche had exercised great influence upon Treitschke and Bernhardi, his influence upon the German people would still be unsubstantiated, for Treitschke and Bernhardi really represent only a minority of the Germans—the military party. In fact, Bernhardi bemoans the peaceableness of the Germans, gives various causes for that state of mind, and believes that a rude shock is necessary to wake them out of it.

May I suggest a question without giving an answer? If the Nietzschean will for power, with its consequent disregard for the masses, is dominant in Germany, how can that be reconciled with the solicitude for the masses as shown in the various and numerous pensions to which the superannuated or incapacitated German falls heir, or with the workingmen's compensation measures, or with the general socialistic movement which is so tremendously strong, especially in Protestant Germany?

One may reply thus: Granted that the masses are not in harmony with Nietzsche's doctrine, it is the Regierung which acts in accordance with Nietzsche. By Regierung is meant either or both the house of Hohenzollern and the ruling houses of the various subsidiary German States. One may say that it is these who through the Bundesrath are trying to arrogate power to themselves, and that they are seeking their own greater power, and to trample under foot the masses, if that should become necessary. The answer would be: it has been not only the pretended, but the actually realized, policy of the Regierung to foster manufactures and foreign commerce in Germany. Now such a movement must essentially strengthen the middle classes, the makers and traders, at the expense of an aristocratic governing class, and therefore an economic policy would be incon-

sistent with a policy which aimed at the power of the few, the governing aristocracy. But one may say, by way of rejoinder, that under modern conditions a war can be waged successfully only by an economically strong country; and therefore the Regierung is willing to sacrifice a certain amount of power, since the ultimate result of such a sacrifice is its own greater strength. Upon the validity of this or a similar reply will rest the answer to the question suggested.

The laws of circumstantial evidence sanction conviction of a defendant only when every other hypothesis is proved impossible. Is the philosophy of Nietzsche a dominating influence in the Germany he so severely criticises, or is the Germany of to-day the result of a great complexity of causes?

Germany has ambitions toward empire, as have all her important neighbors. Her successes, beginning with the Great Elector, later under Frederick the Great, and culminating in 1870, have given her a sense of tremendous power. I quote Cramb, from that remarkable series of lectures, *Germany and England*: "Prussia strikes when her hour strikes, and in 1740 with the accession of Frederick the Great, that hour does strike; and for the next twenty-three years Prussia appears as the great rebel State, asserting herself triumphantly, measuring herself in battle against Austria and Austria's allies. All Europe cannot break her spirit or the spirit of her king. It is one of those lofty and exhilarating heroisms of world-history, this conflict of reality against formalism; of the substance of Frederick's military State against the phantom, the army of the Empire; of right and strength against boastful weakness parading as power, unrighteous privilege decking itself with the sanctity of history and right." In other words, historical, political, and economic, rather than philosophical influences may be sufficient to explain the attitude of Germany. Consequently, one can see that a case can be made out for another hypothesis, namely, that, on the theoretical side, the philosophy of Nietzsche is the expression of fundamental and deep-lying tendencies which on the practical side have expressed themselves in German economic and political conditions; that is, that the philosophy of Nietzsche may be an *effect* and not a cause. It is very doubt-

ful whether it is necessary to have Nietzsche in order to explain Germany's present attitude. There is no real reason against supposing that her ideas would have been the same, even though Nietzsche's doctrine had never been written.

This discussion is not written with any propagandist purpose. It has for its basis no personal desire to prove or disprove a causal connection between Nietzsche and the present war. It hopes merely to furnish a broader foundation for a judgment to be passed by each one interested upon the merits of the question itself.

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IRISH MYTHOLOGY

The writers of modern Ireland possess an almost incalculable treasure in a national mythology which, though of immense antiquity, retains still its primeval freshness and force.

Fragmentary as the written records are, the Irish possess to-day a larger body of native myths than any other nation; and this heritage is peculiarly theirs, an inalienable possession, because in these myths there is a subtle quality, a dominant tone, which is due to the impress through centuries of the personality of the Gael, and makes them distinctively Irish. An Irishman may delight in the splendid tales of the ancient Greeks, but these must remain remote and alien; while as he listens to the myths of the Gael he feels as one who hears in his own tongue the ideals of his own heart. Furthermore, the myths themselves are of no mean merit; the characters, whether gods or mortals, are vital, distinct, romantic, and a large number of the stories are astir with action and aglow with elemental passion.

There are preserved to us, either by pen of the scribe or by oral tradition, some hundreds of these tales. They are told in a simple and often in a crude style. Many of them are so brief or trivial that they afford little opportunity to the modern poet. Of the remainder there are perhaps two or three score which, though offering no rounded plots, will provide the writer with rich material for many a romance or tragedy. There are a dozen or more which on first reading strike one, not only by their beauty and power but by their structural completeness. The sorrowful tale of Deirdre is one of the best known, and affords an illustration of the prodigious wealth of material that is often packed into a single myth. I have carefully analyzed this story, and I believe that the poet who wishes to deal justly with it, and to bring out all that is necessarily involved in the action, must develop the tale in three distinct works. Otherwise he must either omit much, or crowd his pages with matter too various to be fused into an artistic unity. I mention this for the purpose of exemplifying how, in the better part of this old mythology, the poet has found a great mine in which every rift is loaded with ore.

These Gaelic myths are not merely a collection of tales, like a Celticized Arabian Nights or a nobler Decameron. They are parables, and embody certain philosophic teachings, exquisitely and wonderfully wrought. The forgotten poets who first fashioned their beliefs into these undying shapes seem to have wished to instruct their listeners unawares and to instill a worthier conception of humanity and the universe. Extravagant as their teachings may appear to the Western mind, they are not, on that account, to be dismissed off-hand. Whoever wishes to appreciate the literary value of the myths must remember that to the peculiar temperament of the Celtic poet such concepts as these will have a rare and wonderful significance. The Irish poet is of a psychical turn, attuned to the spiritual elements of nature. Often it will be the religious or mystical bearing of the myth that will seize his fancy and touch his heart to flame; and he may find here a not unworthy form for the expression of his own deepest convictions or most rapturous aspirations.

The poet-philosophers first built these sun-myths probably in that dim and distant past when the Aryan race was still a tender sapling and had sent out no branches into the surrounding world. They conceived, with fine daring, the solar system not as merely a huge mechanism, but as an organism, freighted with living souls and having in some sense a life of its own and a part to play in the divine drama of the Universe. Each planet—and it seems they taught that there were twelve—was directed by a great spirit or angel, and at the heart of all reigned, in deific splendor, the Archangel of the Sun.

The poet, therefore, wove stories in which the leading deity or hero was the mighty and beneficent Sun-God. The exploits of this character were made to correspond with the changes of the earthly seasons and with the differing phases of the sun in his yearly progress. The multitudes were thus taught to regard the larger activities of Nature which were visible to their physical senses as having a counterpart in spiritual spheres which they could not perceive; the Universe was spirit-woven, and the changes of day and night, summer and winter, were made symbols of a conflict between Goodness and Evil, Error and Truth.

No doubt other concepts of the wise men of old were incorporated by them into stories. For instance, it is suggested by A. E. in one of the notes to his *Divine Vision* that the Celtic myth, "The Sad Fate of the Children of Lir," enshrines the ancient doctrine of the descent of Spirit into Matter. But in the myths as they have come down to us, we can find only here and there glimmerings of their original significance. Many of them are great stories; not many retain their ancient character as parables.

It is chiefly in the myths of the first or earliest cycle that their deeper meaning can still be discerned. In some of the later stories their secret can be read only under the microscope of the scholar or through the intuitive sympathy of the Irish poet. And in many, including nearly all of the Fenian group, no underlying significance can now be divined.

It would seem inevitable that oral tradition extending over centuries and perhaps millenniums should corrupt and distort the original purity of the myths. Experience shows that stories handed down for a length of time by word of mouth are apt to become debased in the process. Indeed, if a popular tale-teller be anything of an artist, he will certainly impress his personality upon his work; and any narrative which he inherits from one greater than himself will probably be the worse for passing through his imagination. Thus the Irish peasant has been content to let the gods of his Gaelic forefathers dwindle into fairies and go to dwell in the sunless caverns of the earth. And we all have been told of a mediæval drama based on the World's Tragedy, which gradually was corrupted till Caiaphas became Jack Ketch; Judas, Judy; Pontius Pilate, Punch; and we are given our immortal farce of Punch and Judy.

Bearing in mind such instances, we should be thankful that our Gaelic mythology has preserved so much of a noble and lofty spirit; and we must often be tempted to wonder what these great tales must have been like when they were given to the world by their original creators.

The Celtic mythology falls naturally into three divisions, or cycles. As to the age of the first, it can only be said that it belongs to that time of the world when the Giants piled Pelion on

Ossa to reach the Olympian Gods and when Mythras fought with the dragon. The second group of stories is assigned to the third century before Christ, while the third and last ends about 200 A. D. These dates are of course traditional and purely fanciful; yet the supposed difference in time corresponds to a very real difference in the character of the myths. Though there are broad resemblances between the three groups, their differences are probably more striking; and they are of great importance for the uses of literature because they provide the widest range of material and offer free scope for the varying moods of poetry and poets.

The earliest cycle of mythology deals with gods and demons rather than with human beings. The issues are simple, and the characters, being little more than the embodiments of certain principles, are simple likewise. The action is on the grandest scale that could be conceived by the imagination of the saga-maker. The setting is in tone with the action and the character—yonder is the sea, from which the dark spirits rise, here is the land, where battles may be fought, and above is the sky, from which comes light or darkness—this is all there is, and what need have we of more?

The second cycle deals little with the gods, and is richer in human elements than the first. We have here a greater number of stories, and the action is more varied and complex. Cuchulain, Conor, Fergus, Conary, Naisi, Deirdre—these and some others have come down to us as human beings who, while figures in brilliant tales, are also richly endowed with human elements. The setting is rugged and stern, though seldom on so grand a scale as in the previous cycle.

Turning to the Fenian group of stories, we find a marked contrast. Finn, Ossian, Dermot, Grania and others are indeed comparable to the characters of the Cuchulain Saga; but the stories themselves are concerned with huntings and enchantments, and in scale and tone are near to ordinary human life. They owe their charm chiefly to a certain picturesqueness and to their belonging to a distant age now scarcely recoverable, even in imagination, when Wonder walked the world and the Unseen mingled with the Seen. The setting of these tales

has changed with their mood, and we have not the gray cliffs of the North, but luxuriant verdure, placid lakes, and the softly-moulded outline of the southern hills.

The resemblances between these cycles are perhaps less obvious than the differences. But they are to my mind not less significant; and often the elements of likeness are just the very elements that give to the myths their beauty and their grandeur. In each the central figures are a league of warriors, deities, or mortals, for whom our sympathies are asked and expected. In the earliest cycle these warriors are the Children or the Tribe of Danu, the supreme deity, the mother of all things. About a score of these are named. The god of war is Nuada of the Silver Hand. The god of the sea is Ler, or his son Manannan, who has given his name to the Isle of Man. Another important deity is the Dagda, god of fertility. Among the children of the Dagda are Angus and Bridget. Angus is the Celtic god of love, and it was told of him that his kisses became invisible birds whose singing inspired love in the hearts of youths and maidens of the Gael. Bridget, goddess of the fire and of the hearth, is the only one of these immortals who lives on to the present day. When St. Patrick and his monks arrived in Ireland they turned her into a Christian saint; and it is a striking instance of the tenacity of ancient ideas that legends about Saint Bridget still commonly connect her name with fire. But second in importance to none is the youngest of the gods, the Sun-God, Lugh.

In the second cycle the association of warriors was based, as in the first, on kinship. The order of the Red Branch was composed of champions all bound together by ties of blood, and tracing their ancestry to a prince of Ulster, Ross the Red.

The Fenian Knights, however, in contrast to their brethren of the first and second cycles, were not bound together by ties of blood, but were an aristocracy of hardihood and prowess. No warrior was admitted to the order until he had performed a series of heroic feats which tested not only his strength and skill in arms, but also his powers as a poet. I quote the list of these feats as taken down by Lady Gregory from the lips of tradition (*Gods and Fighting Men*, p. 169), and leave the reader to judge if there were not giants in Ireland in those days:—

"And every man of them was bound to three things: to take no cattle by oppression; not to refuse any man as to cattle or riches; no one of them to fall back before nine fighting men. And there was no man taken into the Fianna until his tribe and his kindred would give securities for him, that even if they themselves were all killed he would not look for satisfaction for their death. But if he himself would harm others, that harm was not to be avenged on his people. And there was no man taken into the Fianna till he knew the twelve books of poetry. And before any man was taken, he would be put into a deep hole in the ground up to his middle, and he having his shield and a hazel rod in his hand. And nine men would go to the length of ten furrows from him, and would cast their spears at him at the one time. And if he got a wound from one of them, he was not thought fit to join with the Fianna. And after that again, his hair would be fastened up, and he put to run through the woods of Ireland, and the Fianna following after him to try could they wound him, and only the length of a branch between themselves and himself when they started. And if they came up with him and wounded him, he was not let join them; or if his spears had trembled in his hand, or if a branch of a tree had undone the plaiting of his hair, or if he had cracked a dry stick under his foot, and he running. And they would not take him among them till he had made a leap over a stick the height of himself, and till he had stooped under one the height of his knee, and till he had taken a thorn from his foot with his nail, and he running his fastest. But if he had done all these things, he was of Finn's people."

In each of these groups, the Children of Danu, the Children of Ross the Red, and the Fenians, there were many magnificent and wonderful warriors. But there was always one who in prowess and splendor and fame outshone all his follows. In the first cycle, this was Lugh, the Sun-God, who, when the gods and demons joined battle on the Plain of the Towers, himself killed the Arch-fiend Balor and so won the doubtful day for the Powers of Light.

To the second cycle belongs the most brilliant and the best beloved of the champions of the Gael. This was Cuchulain, a warrior endowed with many of the attributes of the Sun-God, though handed down to us by the story-tellers as simply the

Ideal Celtic Warrior. His mother was Dectera. About his father there remains some question, for some said his father was Sualtam, others, the Sun-God Lugh, while others averred that his birth was virginal and that he had no father at all. The name given him by his mother was Setanta, but having in his boyhood killed the great watch dog of Culann, the Red Branch Smith (which was no other than the Hound of Hell, or the Cerberus of other mythologies), and having proved his regret to Culann by himself keeping watch and ward in place of the hound, he was thereafter called from this fact the Hound of Culann, or Cuchulain. He performed during his lifetime many unequalled deeds of arms, the most famous of which was his holding the Gates of the North alone against the invading hosts of of the West. His days were short; and he died such a death as became a Celtic hero, being vanquished by enchantment and the powers of the elements. The story is this:—

While he was still a young man, traveling the world to learn what any could teach him of war and arms, he became the lover of a mighty Amazon named Éva. When he left her he gave her a gold ring from his finger, and bade her, if she ever bare him a son, to give this ring to the boy and have him take as a knight a threefold obligation: that he would turn out of his way for no man; that he would refuse combat with no man, and that he would never tell his name to any who demanded it. Years afterwards it happened that some knights of the Red Branch, while riding one day by the seaside, saw sailing towards them across the waters a boat with one young man in it. He ran his boat ashore, but on being greeted by them refused to tell his name. There soon arose an altercation, and at last one of the knights drew his weapon upon the boy. The boy worsted him, and bound him fast. And so with each of the other knights who came against him—some he bound and some he slew and all he overcame. At length word was sent to Cuchulain, bidding him come and uphold the honor of the Red Branch against this terrible Unknown. Cuchulain, with some foreboding in his breast that this might be his own son, came down and in the name of the Order whose honor he valued as his own, gave battle to the youth. At first he thought the contest would be

easy, but to his astonishment he found the boy fully his match in every feat of arms. At last Cuchulain, after one of the longest and fiercest struggles of his life, resorted to that unique spear stroke of which he alone among all men was master. "That is a stroke I was never taught!" cried the boy as he fell wounded and dying upon the sand. There was something in the tone that stirred Cuchulain's memory; and he looked, and there upon the boy's finger was his own ring, which he had given to Eva. He made himself known to the boy, and wept over him; and the boy bade him not to grieve, for he said he died content. And he passed away there, lying in the arms of his father. And Cuchulain, as he sat by the side of his dead son (this was the only son that Cuchulain ever had), fell into a trance. And nothing that his friends could do could wake him or restore him to his senses. They at last besought aid from the Druids, who told them that Cuchulain would be in this trance of sorrow for three days, and at the end of that time his reason would leave him and he would arise and make a great slaughter of the men of the Red Branch. So at the request of the king, the Druids laid heavy enchantments upon Cuchulain, that when he woke he might, in his madness, mistake the waves of the sea for the knights whom he would slay. And it came to pass that at the end of three days Cuchulain roused himself and rushed into the sea and battled against the waves until at last his strength left him, and he fell and the waters flowed over him, and he died.

The central figure of the third cycle is Finn MacCumhal, the chief of the Fenians. His name means Fair-haired Son of the Sky, and he is said to have been once a sun-god; though I believe our Finn would have been much surprised at that report. Among the non-literary classes of the Irish people, he has long been the most popular of all the mythic champions. But what he has gained in popularity he sometimes loses in dignity, and in one favorite story he is no better than a clown. In the foremost of all the Fenian tales, the Pursuit of Dermot and Grania, he has, by some mischance, sunk beneath the fool and been distorted into a demon. This story is an old sun-myth, in which the Lady of the Twilight is battled for by the rival deities of Day and Night. Grania is here the Twilight, and she first promises

her hand to Finn, but runs off instead with the Bright One, Dermot. After a long and futile pursuit Finn at last compasses the death of Dermot by treachery, and Grania rewards him with her hand.

I want to mention one more element which these cycles have in common, and which seems to me to be the source of much of their grandeur and nobility. This is the fact that the greater heroes contend not for their personal ambitions, but rather for some principle or on behalf of some high, communal cause. The cycles of Lugh and Cuchulain are animated by this spirit of heroic loyalty. The Fenian cycle, as a whole, is not. Here, if I am not mistaken, lies one main cause why the earlier myths possess an epic loftiness and magnificence which no Fenian story seems to attain. The stories of the first cycle are dominated by the struggle between the gods of light, called Children of Danu, on the one side, and the Powers of Darkness, the Fomorians or Children of Domnu, on the other. The chief event is the colossal battle of the Plain of the Towers, or Moitura, in which the rival forces meet hand to hand and in which, after the slaughter of the chief of the Fomorians, the rest are routed and driven back to dwell forever in their dark homes beneath the sea. The great struggle in the cycle of Cuchulain is between the Ultonians and the allied hosts of the West. This war the romancers have handed down to us as the chief among all the stories of the cycle, and it was by his feats in this contest that Cuchulain won his deathless fame. In the third cycle, the successors of the Fomorians and the Western Hosts are the Lochlanns, who are represented as pirates coming from over seas to ravage Erin. To ward off these attacks was the peculiar duty of the Fenians. But in the tales that have come down to us the contest with the Lochlanns plays a small part, and greater prominence is given to the civil strife between the Fenians and the King of Ireland. It may perhaps be that it is the intrusion of some historical material into the tradition that has spoiled the symmetry of the legends of this cycle.

For my part, as I turn from these myths, I find myself left with a threefold impression: first, the variety and range of the stories; secondly, the richness of the material out of which they

are fashioned, and lastly, their grandeur of conception. How much do they cover of the wide extent of human nature and human activity! What heights do they scale! What depths do they plumb! What chords are struck here of the tragic, the beautiful, the sublime!

It seems to me that there is in these stories an abundance of such material as the nobler artists desire and, alone, can work aright. In them, the characters are of such magnitude, and the emotions called into play by the action are so powerful and exerted at so high a pressure, that only the greater poets have strength to handle this vast and turbulent material, and mould it to the strict purposes of art. Unless my judgment be misled by my kinship with the myths of my native land, we need an Æschylus to give the myths of Lugh back to us again; a Homer to create anew the Red Branch heroes; a Euripides to write of Finn and Grania. I have faith enough in Ireland and in Irishmen to believe that one day these poets will appear.

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THE AMERICAN DRAMA

One great lesson which the European war inevitably forces upon the attention of America is the obligation to recognize in this crucial moment the stupendous opportunities opening before us in the immediate future. The opportunities in the fields of commerce and of industry now monopolize the attention of American manufacturers. The pressing need for greater activity in ship-building, for the creation of an adequate merchant marine; the immense openings for industrial promotion and expansion in trade with the countries to the south of us—these issues force themselves with steadily accelerating impetus upon the attention of the American people and the national government. It is a singular fact, however, that thus far in the progress of the European conflict, the attention of the country has been devoted to materialistic concerns, to the exclusion of higher and more ideal interests.

I refer to the great opportunities in the realms of literature and of art. Generations of the youth, the flower of European civilization, are perishing upon the battlefields. Such wholesale destruction will leave its blighting mark upon European art and civilization for decades to come. Of all the arts, that of the playwright has passed into almost eclipse. In the space of one short year the doors of the theatres in six countries have been forced to close under the irresistible pressure of military necessity. Even England, which is the country least affected by the conflict on the continent, exhibits a deplorable arrest in creative productivity.

There has sprung up in our own time a vast commerce in dramatic art between the enlightened countries of the world, as a result of the internationalization of the theatre. The theatres of each country have become, in greater or less degree, dependent upon the dramatic wares offered by the dramatists of other countries. The case of the United States is preëminently conspicuous. The theatres of America are more dependent upon dramatic and operatic entertainments furnished by foreign playwrights and composers than is any other of the great art-produc-

ing countries of the world. Prior to the opening of the European war competent observers had computed that of the theatric entertainments exhibited on the American stage—serious drama, comedy, operetta, and so on—about sixty per cent came to us from England and Europe.

It may come about after a considerable lapse of time that, as the result of the titanic conflict, Great Britain and the European countries will exhibit a great efflorescence of creative genius. History is lavish in illustration of the phenomenon of war as a stimulant of creative activity in the arts. The periods in which the drama flourished most abundantly were periods consequent to some immense outburst of national feeling. The individualistic temper became welded into a passionate sense of social solidarity in the face of a common foe. The social consciousness thus nationally awakened gave rise to a spontaneous expression of national solidarity. And this quickened sense of patriotism, this fortification of the national will, found expression in the creation of great dramas. The battle of Salamis, the destruction of the Armada, the Spanish conquest of the New World, the victories of Frederick in Germany, the glorious era of Henry IV in France—in the history of the drama these are familiar illustrations of epochs of conflict and eras of conquest which heralded impressive outpourings of energy in the dramas of Greece, England, Spain, Germany, and France. It has recently been asserted by Mr. Edwin Björkman that the significant revival of dramatic art in Scandinavia in our own time has a similar explanation and association. In the middle of the last century Ibsen and Björnson in Norway, followed and paralleled by Strindberg in Sweden, created one of the great historic epochs in the drama. This spontaneous and wholly unanticipated emergence of great dramas out of the heart of the Scandinavian peoples is ascribed to an enlarged development of the social consciousness, with an attendant stiffening of the national will. This sense of social solidarity was brought into being by pressing dangers from without—by the threatened aggressions of Germany and of Russia.

Even if we grant the validity and truth of this interpretation of the cause of dramatic evolution, nevertheless it must be clearly

recognized that in all probability for the next quarter of a century the drama in Europe will present a phenomenon of arrested development in Europe without a parallel in centuries. Countries impoverished by the stupendous financial demands of modern war have little time or heart for preoccupation with the fine arts in the early decades immediately following the cessation of warfare. A conspicuous illustration, familiar to all students of our own national history, is that of the Southern States for the decades immediately following the War between the States. In general, the immediate claims of agriculture, the pressing obligations of business, industry, and commerce, the imperative task of the reorganization of the instrumentalities of civilization—all successfully militate, through an appreciable period of time, against active preoccupation with literature and the fine arts.

The present moment is fraught with unparalleled possibilities for the development of dramatic art in this country. "Not since the night the first theatre in America threw open its doors," said Mr. Augustus Thomas the other day, "have the writers of American comedies, satires, farces and musical operettas been yielded such an absolutely clear field. A nation of 80,000,000 must hereafter look exclusively to its own writers for its theatre entertainment. . . . I am forced to realize that for many years to come there is an end to the practice of managers seeking plays abroad." There is, in consequence, a practical, an economic, as well as an ideal, reason for stimulating to its highest potency creative dramatic impulse in this country. An effort, national in scope and influence, should be inaugurated for the purpose of spurring American talent and genius in the drama to the highest measure of creation and productivity.

There is one movement in the United States which, up to the present, has received but scanty notice and slight praise for the genuinely important influence it is exerting upon the vast American throng in the direction of higher standards in the drama. This is the movement represented by the small group of dramatic critics developing in this country, whose primary object is to establish certain standards and principles for the guidance of the American theatre and the instruction of the

American theatre-going public. Are we beginning at the right end in our universities when we endeavor to train young America as playwright, and then thrust him into the arena of debased commercial standards which condition large financial success upon the deliberate sacrifice of the genuine dramatic ideal? "Does not the truer function of our academic dealing with the drama," asks Professor Lewisohn, "lie in the formation of an audience which, by its homogeneous spiritual culture, by its fine sense of values, will help to banish the scenic display and melodrama to their proper place, . . . ?" In the Introduction to *Modern Drama and Opera*, Vol. II,* I have called attention to some of the contributions of the American critics of the contemporary drama and the modern theatre towards the solution of the complex and disturbing problem of our native drama. In recent interpretations, analyses, and studies of the drama and theatre of our time by American authors, we have works of a high order of excellence—works which are gradually, but none the less inevitably, instructing the general American public in the fundamental principles and universal standards which condition authentic drama in all ages and in all times.

The most scholarly, original, and comprehensive work on the contemporary drama, in a single volume, which has come to my attention, is the volume by Professor Frank W. Chandler, of the University of Cincinnati, modestly entitled *Aspects of Modern Drama*.† This is undoubtedly the best book for anyone taking up for the first time the study of the modern drama; for the author in the space of little more than four hundred pages has achieved the remarkable feat of concisely and explicitly setting down analyses of two hundred and eighty typical modern plays. This feat he has achieved through a novel and admirable mode of treatment: he has, in his own words, chosen "to consider certain themes, artistic kinds, and ideals, rather than to offer estimates of the work of individuals, man by man." The chapter headings sufficiently indicate the originality of treatment, the range of ideas, and the cleverness in the choice of

* Boston Book Co. Boston, Mass. 1915.

† The Macmillan Co. New York. 1914.

themes: the drama of ideas, Ibsen; the themes of naturalism; varieties of romance; the drama of symbolism; "the eternal triangle"; wayward woman; the priestly hero; scenes from married life; the problem of divorce; family studies; Irish plays of mysticism and folk history; Irish plays of the peasantry; the tyranny of love; ideals of honor; plays of social criticism; the poetic drama; the drama of satire, Shaw. This book is an anthology, a library of analysis, in little, of the modern drama; and its value as a text — for it seems to have been written with that end in view — is enhanced by two excellent features: the concise synopses at the beginning of each chapter, and the bibliographical appendix at the end of the book. This latter feature, some fifty-six pages in length, deserves the comment that it is the most complete bibliography of the kind attached to any critical work on the modern drama that I am aware of. It is surpassed only by the best bibliography of the modern drama in the language, *Modern Drama and Opera*,* in two volumes. Professor Chandler's bibliographical appendix contains a list of representative modern plays and their English translations, and a list of critical aids for the study of modern drama. Of the work as a whole, it may be said without disparagement, that it has the limitations imposed by the choice of treatment. Subdivision into idea-groupings tends to blur the sense of historical perspective; and the many acute and pungent observations of the author do not succeed in wholly obscuring the fact that the philosophic bases and technical developments of the modern drama are but scantily touched upon. Professor Chandler's sanity, balance, and quiet humor stand in refreshing contrast to the unreasoned radicalism and unintelligent solemnity of certain enthusiastic, but inexperienced, writers of books purporting to deal with the dramatic movement of to-day.

In striking contrast to this book, both in method and treatment, is the recent study by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn, *The Modern Drama*,† properly sub-entitled "an essay in interpretation." It is a light and graceful essay on the modern drama;

* Boston Book Co. Boston, Mass. 1915.

† B. W. Huebsch. New York. 1915.

the style is pure and elevated, far superior to that of any other work dealing with the modern drama with which I am acquainted. The claims made for the book, in prospectuses and in the work itself, are scarcely borne out by the contents—despite the singular charm of the treatment and the genuine beauty of the style. It is true in only a superficial sense that this account is given “according to the men and their works in historical order, national groupings and against the background of contemporary thought”; for whereas the grouping is national, the sense of historical evolution in the drama is a light gossamer of connective tissue, and contemporary thought recedes into a background almost too remote to leave it perceptible. The bibliography of some thirty-four pages is by no means “the completest bibliography of the modern drama yet published in any language”—as indicated above; and bibliographies for individual dramatists are both uneven and inadequate. The book needs no protective covering of blanket claims to buttress its qualities, which quite on their own merits are conspicuous and signal. With a pen practised to genuine literary style, the author has drawn with seductive charm thumb-nail sketches of the principal modern dramatists; and in the engaging process has given expression to much keen and forthright criticism. We suspect that to this poetic temperament beauty is its own excuse for existence; that the æsthetic principle takes precedence over social or moral concern. Surely a salutary corrective, this, to the prosaic propaganda of crass “prophets of the future.” The highly-gifted interpreter of Hauptmann to the English-speaking people is at his best here in the delicate cameos of Hauptmann and of certain half-disappointing figures of the Germanic revival—Dreyer, Hirschfeld, and Hartleben,—though it must be acknowledged that by his excessive praise of the German school he has badly distorted the perspective. Remarkable in any study of the modern drama which purports to be comprehensive, I may observe, is the omission of the names of Echegaray, Giacosa, Chekhov, Tolstoy. This is a work of distinction—essentially a book for the literary *illuminati*, far too subtle and elusive for the profane and practical throng ever intent upon the shortest and smoothest “automobile route” to knowledge.

In the interpretation of the new art of the theatre two books in that field recently to appear are of sufficient interest to deserve attention. *The Theatre of To-day*,* by Mr. H. K. Moderwell, is a sensible and intelligent account of the "new forces that have entered into theatrical production in the last few years." It is largely free of that diaphanous and ridiculously vague theorizing freely indulged in by effervescent youths consecrated to the "uplift" of the theatre. The chapters dealing with the mechanical, artistic, and social forces in the theatre constitute the book's real claim to attention; the chapters dealing with the intellectual and literary forces betray an imperfect grasp of the subject and insufficient interpretative study of the philosophic, formal, and æsthetic principles which are basic in the modern drama. It is, as pointed out by the author himself with entire justice, a bird's-eye view of the subject—a view taken by an exceptionally wide-awake and keen-eyed observer. The omission of an index is inexcusable—for the book is of such utility as to force upon the truly interested reader the onerous task of making a workable index for himself. The book's best chapter deals in an intelligent manner with the dry, but too most important, subject of all those subjects having to do with the success of the movement now already under way: modern theatre economics. Another work dealing with similar themes is *The New Movement in the Theatre*,† by Mr. Sheldon Cheney. It is a modest attempt to elucidate in simple language the complex and often vaguely indicated ideas of modern leaders in the new movement, notably Reinhardt and Craig. In reality this is a collection of essays re-written for inclusion in this book; and it is illustrated with "sixteen beautiful plates." The excessive repetition of the same ideas in different essays is vexatious and wearing; and continued interpretation of the views of others, however suggestive or novel these views, leaves the author little opportunity for expressing views of his own. The most suggestive chapter in the book deals, not with the "new movement" in the theatre, but with the halting beginnings of a

* John Lane Company. New York. 1914.

† Mitchell Kennerley. New York. 1914.

genuine American drama in our time. The chapter hopefully concludes: "The American playwright has developed the beginnings of a great drama, of an American drama of sincerity. He has touched on the surface outcroppings of the rich mine of native material; but he has not as yet worked with the exquisite balance of poet and dramatic craftsman—with high purpose and the sense of inner beauty. . . . One need not stretch the imagination too far to see emerging out of the future the man of wide vision, the poet who yet is the perfect technician, who will weave the material of the time into a gripping story, at the same time revealing the beauty of his own imagination. . . ."

A book which I should like to see sell in the millions of copies in the United States is Professor Richard Burton's *How to See a Play*.^{*} I mean this statement explicitly. This book was published last year when the author was president of the most constructively-minded body of playgoers and students of the drama and the theatre to be found anywhere in the world,—the Drama League of America. It was the best possible service he could render as the head of that organization; and for the precise reasons stated in the preface: "This book is aimed squarely at the theatregoer. It hopes to offer a concise general treatment upon the use of the theatre, so that the person in the seat may get the most for his money; may choose his entertainment wisely, avoid that which is not worth while, and appreciate the values artistic and intellectual of what he is seeing and hearing." It sets forth in simple and interesting fashion the underlying principles and fundamental standards of drama and its judgment in the theatre. Intelligently read by the average playgoer, it should establish in his or her mind proper *criteria* for judging a play; and after all that is one of the big, fundamental problems to be solved in America. The unpretentious title seems to have resulted in concealing from popular view the undoubted value and utility of the book as a hand-book of common-sense instruction for the average playgoer. Unlike most books about the drama, it is so clear that anybody can understand it. If every theatregoer in the United States were to read it and act upon

^{*}The Macmillan Co. New York. 1914.

its precepts, the drama in this country, I do not for a moment doubt, would exhibit a marked and appreciable improvement.

From time to time there appears in *The Independent* a new interpretative essay in the series projected by the literary editor of that magazine, Dr. Edwin E. Slosson. Six of these essays, chosen by the author because he thought he would be most likely to interest others in the men who had most interested him, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Poincaré, Metchnikoff, Ostwald, and Haeckel, have now been collected together in a compact volume under the title: *Major Prophets of To-day*.^{*} The author has formed personal acquaintance not only with the works of each of these men but also with the men themselves. The impressive marks of this personal association are happily and effectively stamped upon the essays, which are thoughtful, serious, and unusually broad in their generalized knowledge. Dr. Slosson has succeeded rarely well in bringing to light and rendering fully intelligible the leading ideas and principal contributions to modern philosophy, science, and thought of these conspicuous international figures. In the interesting essay on Maeterlinck he observes: "It is curious that a man who is so modernistic in mind and who has shown so unique a power to idealize the prosaic details of the life of to-day, should place all his dramas in the historical or legendary past. But he always views the past as a poet, not as an archæologist, giving merely some beautiful names and a suggestion as to scene setting, and leaving it to the imagination of the reader to do the stage carpentering." And again, he pertinently discloses the deeper secret of Maeterlinck's strength: "As a mystic philosopher Maeterlinck finds a flower in a crannied wall sufficient to give him a clue to the secrets of the universe. Modern science, instead of killing mysticism, as was foreboded by despairing poets of the last century, has brought about a revival if it. . . . Maeterlinck, being of the generation born since the dawn of the scientific era, entered upon the inheritance of its wealth without having to pass through any storm and stress period to acquire it. No traces of the fretful antagonisms of the nineteenth century dis-

^{*} Little, Brown & Co. Boston, Mass. 1914.

turb the equanimity of his essays. He sees no conflict between the scientific and poetic views of the world. He looks upon it with both eyes open and the two visions fuse into one solid reality."

In connection with the attitude of the modern critic towards the drama, a great stimulation is afforded by the monograph, *The Shifting of Literary Values*,* by Mr. Aloert Mordell. The author, in his own words, "has undertaken to establish that changes in morality must affect literary values, that some of the classics idealize views of life now obsolete, that these books are therefore responsible for the existence of some of our moral and intellectual stagnancy, and that a new critical outlook upon them is called for." The ideas thus succinctly stated are elucidated in this notable critical study with exceptional force and vigor. These ideas are implicit in much of the thinking of the modern generation of critics and philosophers; and here and there, throughout the writings of men of the stamp of Nietzsche and Shaw, for example, are scattered more or less direct enumerations, of a fragmentary character, of these same ideas. But no other writer, so far as I can recall, has outlined them in so concrete and explicit form, and in a single work, as has Mr. Mordell. Certain of these modern critical ideas I have called attention to at one time or another during the past five or six years. The monograph of Mr. Mordell has impressed me as a highly original and valuable critical study. My own indebtedness to it—although I disagree with Mr. Mordell in certain fundamental points—is embodied in some passages in *The Changing Drama*. In an essay in the *North American Review* some six or seven years ago I took occasion to point out that there will be a transvaluation of values from time to time, probably eventuating in the successive re-handling of the heroes of classical antiquity in the drama from the modern point of view. Dramas written since that time would seem to support this suggestion. The fundamental ideas set forth in Mr. Mordell's monograph are embodied, to a considerable extent, in Shaw's remarkable essay: "A Degenerate's View of Nordau." The passage from

* The International. Philadelphia, Pa. 1912.

Nietzsche which Mr. Mordell quotes might serve as the text of the monograph: "It is not without deep pain that we acknowledge the fact that in their loftiest soarings, artists of all ages have exalted and divinely transfigured precisely those ideas which we now recognize as false; they are the glorifiers of humanity's religious and philosophical errors; and they could not have been this without belief in the absolute truth of these errors."

A most commendable undertaking is the publication in a single volume of a careful selection of representative modern plays, edited by Thomas H. Dickinson, associate professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, and entitled *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*.* Modern dramatic art is represented with respectable completeness. There is something both absurd and unfortunate in the omission, for whatever cause, of a work by Ibsen, Shaw, Barrie, Rostand, D'Annunzio, Giacosa, for example; but it is unquestionable that the selection, in a number of instances, was conditioned by purely practical considerations of suitability, of excellence, and of copyright. A very useful book—though its usefulness is very little enhanced by the quite misleading and inadequate lists at the end. This book should be used by students of the contemporary drama in conjunction with the admirable bibliographies in *Modern Drama and Opera*. For only a few dollars it is now feasible for the average American to take a limited survey of the contemporary drama. The publication of this book for the first time makes this desirable consummation a reality. A list of representative modern plays, a trustworthy work of criticism on the contemporary drama, and a series of adequate bibliographies—what more, to begin with, should any beginner in the study of the contemporary drama desire?

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* Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, Mass. 1915.

SHINTOISM AND THE JAPANESE NATION

In its essence Shinto¹ is strictly indigenous to the soil of Japan. It is first of all a system of ancestor worship.² Shinto, which means literally "the ways of the gods," is the name given to the mythology³ and ancestor and nature worship. "The floating legends, local traditions, and religious ideas of the aborigines, gathered up, amplified by the dominant race, transferred and made coherent by the dogmatics of theocracy, became the basis of Shinto, upon which a modified Chinese cosmogony and abstract philosophical ideas were afterward grafted."⁴ The chief features of the faith are the worship of ancestors and the deification of emperors, heroes, and scholars. The adoration of personified forces of nature enters largely into it. According to Shinto doctrine, ancestors are not thought of as dead; they are believed to remain among those who loved them. Unseen they guard the home and watch over the welfare of descendants. Hirata, the well-known expounder of Shinto, writes: "The spirits of the dead continue to exist in the unseen world, which is everywhere about us; and they all become gods of varying characters and degrees of influence. Some reside in temples built in their honor; others hover near their tombs; and they continue to render service to the prince, parents, wives and children, as when in body." The illuminating words of professor Hozumi, of the Imperial University in Tokyo, who is proud of being a Shintoist, are worthy of notice: "We firmly believe that our ancestors, other than their bodies, do not die.

¹The authoritative writings on Shinto in English are: W. G. Aston, *Shinto*; Ernst Satow, "The Revival of Pure Shinto" (*Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, 1874); P. Kemperman, "Shinto" (*Japan Mail*, August 26, 1874); Lafcadio Hearn, *Japan*, chapters 3-9 and 17.

²Many writers like Aston and Knox hold that ancestor worship was not original in Shinto, but came from China at an early date.

³The whole mythology is contained in two books. The oldest is entitled "Ko-ji-ki," or "Records of Ancient Matters"; and it is supposed to have been compiled in the year 712 A.D. The other and much larger work is called "Nihongi," or "Chronicles of Japan," and dates from about 720 A.D.

⁴W. E. Griffis, *The Mikado's Empire*, p. 88.

They are immortal. The spirits of the fathers and mothers, who loved their children, even though their bodies have perished, still in the other world live and watch over their descendants."

Thus the relationship between dead and living is a mutually dependent one. The welfare of the living is contingent on the welfare of the dead. The worship of ancestors, therefore, becomes expedient and necessary. The reverential service to the dead, the gratitude of the present to the past, and the conduct of the individual in relation to the entire household are the chief duties of Shinto believers. "It is the duty of a subject," writes Hirata, "to be diligent in worshipping his ancestors, whose minister he should consider himself to be. The custom of adoption arose from the natural desire of having some one to perform sacrifices; and this desire ought not to be rendered of no avail by neglect. Devotion to the memory of ancestors is the mainspring of all virtues. No one who discharges his duty to them will ever be disrespectful to the gods or to his living parents. Such a man also will be faithful to his prince, loyal to his friends, and kind and gentle to his wife and children. For the essence of this devotion is filial piety."

It is a striking fact that the religion of Shinto provides no moral code. It depends solely upon the promptings of conscience for ethical guidance. In the earliest period of Japanese history the act of worship was that of government itself, the ancient term for government, *matsurigoto*, signifying literally "matters of worship." Thus government and religion were the same; neither was there any distinction between religion and ethics, nor between ethics and custom. Custom and law were identified the one with the other, so that the ethics of Shinto were all included in conformity to custom. Indeed, some Shinto writers claimed this feature of their religion as a merit. "When men's dispositions were straightforward," wrote Mabuchi, "a complicated system of morals was unnecessary. It would naturally happen that bad actions might be occasionally committed; but the straightforwardness of men's dispositions conquers the evil spirit. So in these days it was necessary to have a doctrine of right and wrong." Hirata said later: "Learn to stand in awe of the unseen, and that will prevent you from doing wrong.

Cultivate the conscience implanted in you; then you will never wander from the way." In short, pure Shinto teaches us to be true and genuine in heart, and clean in body; then gods will bless us abundantly.

"The god blesseth
Not him who prayeth
But him whose heart strayeth
Not from the way of truth."⁵

Shinto theology has no doctrine of original sin, hence there is no belief in the fall of man. The Shintoist believes in the innate goodness and godlike purity of the human soul; adoring it as the adytum from which divine oracles are proclaimed. One who visits a Shinto shrine observes that all the shrines are constructed of pure wood, are thatched, and are characterized by rigid simplicity. No paint, lacquer, gilding, nor any meretricious ornaments were ever allowed to adorn or to defile the sacred structure, and the use of metal was avoided. Within, the only object visible, is a plain mirror on the altar.* "It typifies the human heart, which, when perfectly placid and clear, reflects the very image of the Deity."⁷ Indeed, the unseen spirit seems to whisper to a visitor when he stands before it, "Behold thy own image as reflected in the mirror, and know for thyself how it fares with thee!" Shinto furnishes no creed, no dogma, and no imperative rule about prayers, but leaves to each worshipper the formulation of his own creed and prayer. Dr. Nitobe rightly characterized Shinto as "a religion of suggestion by introspection."⁸

One of the most remarkable features of Shinto is the special emphasis laid on cleanness. Indeed it regards physical impurity as identical with moral impurity, and intolerable to the gods. It has always been, and still remains, a religion of ablutions. The Japanese love of cleanliness, indicated by the universal practice of daily bathing, and by the irreproachable condition of our homes, has been maintained by this discipline of the faith and extended by degrees to all the conditions of existence.

⁵ A poem by Michizane Sugawara.

⁶ The mirror is one of the "Three Utensils of the Gods." (See Aston, *Shinto*, p. 134.)

⁷ Nitobe, *Bushido*, p. 11.

⁸ *The Japanese Nation*, p. 128.

The intimate relation between Shintoism and the Imperial Family has made the faith characteristic as an original national religion of Japan. The Imperial Line is viewed as beginning with the sun-goddess, Tensho Daizin, and the people regard themselves as descendants of this line of gods. The pious reverence for our ancestors has necessarily emphasized a feeling of sincere gratitude toward and love for the emperor of the country and has finally culminated in an intense patriotism. Every Japanese is a Shintoist in this sense. In Shokon shrine, Tokyo, great paper rolls are deposited, which bear the names of the Japanese soldiers who were killed in war. Twice a year, in spring and fall, the Japanese nation, represented by the emperor, the state officials, the army and navy, goes to that shrine, and venerates the heroic dead whose names are recorded there. These men died for their country, therefore the nation, with religious solemnity and military pomp, venerates their souls. Needless to say, it is this spirit of patriotism that made Japan what it is to-day. The great Restoration of 1868—a revolution which restored the authority of the Mikado as supreme head of the nation—resulted in the awakening of this loyal adherence to the emperor, which was fostered by the revival of Shinto faith.⁹ The dramatic history of New Japan in the theatre of modern civilization is too well known to describe here. By strict obedience to our emperor's command, "Knowledge shall be sought for throughout the world, so that the welfare of the Empire may be promoted," the nation moved forward as one man, choosing its lines of development, selecting its methods and its tools, seeking knowledge wherever it could be found throughout the world, and with clear intelligence applying that knowledge to its conditions.

It has been said that Japan won her late war with Russia by means of her efficient instruments of war, and that the victory was the work of her modern school system. But these statements are not entirely true. It is the spirit of the Japanese nation that resulted in such a triumph. Undoubtedly, the most improved guns and cannon do not shoot of their own accord; the modern education does not make a coward a hero. No;

⁹ See Hearn, *Japan*, p. 399 ff; Aston, *Shinto*, p. 372 ff.

what won the battles of Liouyang and at Port Arthur was our earnest loyalty to the emperor and our intense love for the fatherland. "Certainly," writes a beloved American teacher in Japan, "her power to accomplish what she has accomplished was derived from her old religious and social training: she was able to keep strong because, under the new forms of rule and the new conditions of social activity, she could still maintain a great deal of the ancient discipline."¹⁰

What will become of Shinto in the future? If history can teach us anything, it shows that as a nation advances and knowledge increases, polytheism gives way to monotheism, national gods vanish before the coming of the One Universal God. The gods of national tradition are displaced by the one God of infinite power and knowledge. "A socialized world can no more have a dozen religions than it can have a dozen sciences in one field."¹¹ The Shinto gods, like the gods of China and India, will be displaced by the same process that has forced the Western world to accept a single supreme God. Already the process has begun. The introduction of modern civilization has brought into Japan an education that has increasingly tended to disintegrate older religious faiths, and has shaken the former religious foundation of the State. The old faiths, inherited from the past, have lost their power and vitality. Ethics based upon the native cult have been largely discarded; an attempt to found morality on patriotism has failed.

Will Shinto, then, disappear from the heart of Japan entirely? No; Shinto may vanish as a religion, but the spirit of the faith will ever remain fresh in our hearts. The worship of our ancestors may be led into the worship of the great Father of all fathers; belief in the old gods may slowly pass away and the Shinto shrines may be left deserted; but we will not fail to maintain our undivided loyalty to our Mikado and sincere gratitude to the memory of those who gave us life!

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¹⁰ Hearn, *Japan*, p. 511.

¹¹ Patten, *The Social Basis of Religion*, p. 229.

THE MEDIÆVAL POPULAR BALLAD*

Steenstrup's *Vore Folkeviser fra Middelalderen* was published in 1891, nearly twenty-five years ago. It was promptly recognized in the Old World as an important contribution to the study of the ballad; but in America, until this translation appeared last year, Steenstrup's work remained, like the work of most Danish scholars, unknown or inaccessible by reason of our academic neglect of the Scandinavian languages. How many Americans, even in college, have any opportunity to learn Swedish or Danish? It is to be hoped that the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, organized quietly in the Middle West a few years ago, will soon bring American colleges to a realization of the wealth of learning and ideas from which we shut ourselves out by our disregard of these tongues. In the meantime we are grateful to all who, like Professor Cox, help to make this treasure accessible to us.

The translator in his Preface compares Steenstrup's work on the Danish ballads with Professor Gummere's upon the ballads of our own language. The likenesses and the differences are alike striking. The great critical edition of the Danish ballads begun by Svend Grundtvig in 1853 afforded the model, even to the number of volumes planned and to details of annotation and *format*, for the corresponding work of Professor Child of which American scholarship is so justly proud. But Child's work, of which the first instalment appeared nearly thirty years later (1882), was completed in sixteen years, the last number having been issued by Professor Kittredge in 1898, two years after Child's death; while *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser*, of which Grundtvig published the fourth volume in the year of his death (1883), was continued by Dr. Axel Olrik through five volumes more, and was finished only eight years ago. In 1893 Professor Gummere began his work of theoretical comment in a course of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins, the substance of which was

**The Mediæval Popular Ballad*. Translated from the Danish of Johannes C. H. R. Steenstrup by Edward Godfrey Cox. Boston: Ginn & Co.

published in his *Old English Ballads* (1894), and he has continued it in *The Beginnings of Poetry* (1901), *The Popular Ballad* (1907), and a number of special articles. Steenstrup's comment on the Danish ballads was given first as a series of lectures at the University of Copenhagen in 1886-7, and published four years later. A subsequent controversial article on "Historical Truth in Ballad Poetry" (1907) is incorporated by Professor Cox in his translation. Furthermore, Steenstrup and Gummere have the same general purpose: to explain and define the genuine ballad. But their method and temper are widely different. Professor Gummere seeks a formula for the ballad *an sich*, a doctrine of its genesis and its social psychology; he proceeds evolutionally, not to say metaphysically, and rakes for evidence even Siberia and the Australian aborigines. Steenstrup's programme is much less ambitious and his method more concrete. He endeavors "to discover what our Danish ballads of the Middle Ages were like originally, and to determine their proper form and subject matter." To this end he studies, in the ballads of Grundtvig's collection (the whole of which, not merely the volumes published up to 1891, were at his disposal), the relation of the ballad to the dance, the use of the pronoun of the first person, the form and function of the refrain, the verse form, the subject-matter and style, and the degree and kind of historic truth to be found in the ballads.

Danish ballads differ from English ballads in that they are more clearly dance songs. Not that people dance to them now in Denmark; indeed, most of the versions in *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser* are from manuscript ballad-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and versions current in the nineteenth century in Denmark seem to have been merely sung, just as ballads are at the present time in America. But many of these same ballads are still danced to in the Faroe Islands, where archaic conditions still obtain; and, moreover, the Danish ballads themselves, especially in the refrains, make descriptive mention of the dance in a way that leaves no doubt that the ballads were used as dance music. Steenstrup finds evidence in the ballads of the way in which the dance was performed. It was a ring- or chain-dance, hand in hand, with a simple and dig-

nified step, under the direction of a leader or fore-dancer—no doubt the same in all essentials as that described by Thuren in his work on the Faroe ballads. There were besides special dances, the ruder *Skikke-Rei* and the beggar dance, whose character is not so clear.

Although one would expect poetry to which people danced to be lyrical in quality, Danish ballads are in their content consistently narrative—even more consistently so than English ballads. They have little room for reflection or for the lyric cry of the self-conscious poet. Like the English ballads, they are commonly dramatic in method, and therefore make great use of dialogue; but the poet is not himself a party to the dialogue. The introduction of the poet speaking in his own person, as in the occasional opening "A ballad will I sing to you," the stop-gap line "This I say to you in sooth" found in a good many places, the moralizing conclusion "May God in Heaven His grace us send!" and the like, is for Steenstrup evidence of a late, and in some cases a foreign (German) influence. "We may safely affirm," he says, "that no genuine popular ballad begins with the announcement that the singer will now sing a ballad." The grounds of this judgment are mostly critical and stylistic, though the author makes use when it serves his purpose of historical evidence, such as the date of record of a version. In connection with the latter it should be noted that these uses of the first person are to be found in the earliest manuscripts, whose age (about 1550) is in other connections alleged in support of the genuineness of versions found in them. As a matter of fact it is impossible, by the evidence of manuscripts that go back only to the middle of the sixteenth century, to establish a stylistic distinction between genuine ballads of the Middle Ages (a term which seems to mean for Steenstrup the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries) and those of the Renaissance and Reformation period.

Apart from the refrain—of which more presently—exceptions to the law which forbids the poet to obtrude himself upon the action are found chiefly in the opening stanzas. Most of these are more apparent than real. No. 75, for example, begins:—

I heard a knight in my lady's bower,
And they were seated at play;
Of gold the tables and red gold the dice,
And he wooed the maiden gay.

This is merely a way of getting started; the poet has nothing to do with the story that follows. Another apparent exception is the practice, not altogether rare in Danish and familiar to American students in *Barbara Allen* and *The Butcher Boy*, of beginning a ballad in the first person as a narrative of the singer's own experience and passing presently without warning to the third person. Although Steenstrup does his best to throw out as spurious ballads or stanzas or lines in which the singer speaks of himself, this practice of beginning the story in the first person is too frequent, and occurs in ballads whose themes and style are in other respects of too marked a ballad quality, to be rejected. There is "no other alternative possible than to regard it as a peculiarity inherent in popular poetry and in artless methods of singing." The third person narrative is, he holds, the older form; that in the first person the exception, from which the singer soon withdraws to the modestly impersonal 'he' and 'she.' As a matter of fact this use of the 'I' is not really personal of the poet at all, but merely dramatic; and it would be at least as reasonable to assume, in dance songs that must have had at the start an appreciable dramatic element, that the first person was the earlier form, giving way, as the epic element in the ballads more and more asserted itself, to the third person. This chapter, interesting as it is, is somewhat clouded by the author's failure to distinguish clearly between the lyric expression of one's own feelings and the dramatic assumption of a character. Children, the least self-conscious portion of humanity, turn instinctively to dramatic assumption of characters, as has often been observed.

Another difference between English and Danish ballads is that in the latter a refrain is the rule, not the exception. Of the more than five hundred Danish ballads there are only about twenty without a refrain, and most of these are under suspicion as late, bookish, or of German origin. In the manuscripts from which Grundtvig's collection is chiefly drawn the refrain is

typically a single line, often in a different measure from the rest of the ballad, written after the first stanza and after the last. But a double refrain, like that in Child's B version of *Leesome Brand*, is not uncommon, and there is even found a triple refrain, as in No. 278, *Peter and Malfred*:—

Sir Peter mounts and and rides away.
While the cuckoo calls
 He meets a woman who greets his good-day.
Upon the balcony walls
In the tower Malfred is weeping, in the grove she is sorrowing.

This is very close to the manner of singing a version of *The Twa Sisters* known in Missouri:—

There was an old man in the north countree
Bow down !
 There was an old man in the north countree
And a bow 'twas unto me.
 There was an old man in the north countree,
 And he had daughters one, two, three
I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

Very common, too, is a short refrain followed by a repetition of the preceding line and a half of the ballad, thus:—

Memering was the smallest man
 That ever was born in King Karl's land.
My fairest maidens.
 The smallest man
 That ever was born in King Karl's land.
 Even before he saw the light
 His clothes already for him were dight.
My fairest maidens

He saw the light, [etc.]

So the lines are grouped in *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser*, and presumably in the manuscripts; Steenstrup, perhaps more correctly, groups them so as to bring the refrain into the middle of the stanza. Steenstrup, who holds that originally there were, or might be, two fore-singers, believes that in such forms as this they alternated in the repeated part; also that in the case of the three-part refrain the second or assistant fore-singer sang the first two parts of the refrain and the chorus the third part. In view of the fact that the Faroe folk know but a single fore-singer

who is at the same time the leader of the dance, and that the triple refrain needs no such division of labor in Missouri at the present time, this seems an unnecessary assumption, though it is naturally enough suggested by what we know of the way the Finns render the songs of the *Kalevala*.

In content the refrain is sometimes, especially in the historical ballads, a sort of summary of the story; for example, in No. 30, which has the refrain "Holger Dansk has overthrown Burmand." More often it is a lyrical or reflective expression of the feeling of the ballad, as in No. 146, "And wide they roamed through the world"; or it describes some action characteristic of the story, as in No. 140, the story of a girl rescued by her true love from an unwelcome suitor and carried off in a boat, with the refrain "Betake yourself to your oar"; or in No. 189, the story of how Ingerlill defended her honor against nine knights and slew them all, which begins at a dancing party and has the double refrain "Forget me not! . . . She stepped so stately." Occasionally it expresses a feeling that seems quite disconnected with the story, as in No. 199, which tells a rather gruesome story of a girl's device to escape from the attentions of an unwelcome lover by luring him into an ambush where her father hews off the lover's hand, and which has for its refrain "It is so fair in summer." Indeed, the range of matter in the refrains is very wide. But one form of refrain common in French and German balladry and familiar to us in English—the mere shout, the meaningless ejaculation, the series of nonsense syllables—is ruled out of genuine Danish balladry by Steenstrup. It is found, to be sure, in Grudtvig's collection; but Steenstrup argues at length and pretty successfully that it is either of foreign (German) origin or is a late corruption.

In verse form the Danish ballads are like our own, with a few marked differences. The rhyme is often imperfect, either in vowel or in consonant or in both. Double and triple rhyme, and even diphthong rhyme, are avoided. Alliteration occurs, but only as a spontaneous ornament; never, Steenstrup contends, as a verse-regulating principle. Attempts to derive the verse of the ballads either from the old Northern alliterative verse or from the Nibelungen stanza he discourages. There are three forms

of stanza: the two-line, four-beat stanza (always with refrain); the stanza of fours and threes in alternation, which we call the ballad stanza in English; and a third, a very pretty stanza of fours and twos with a striking effect of suspense in the short lines, which is found in some ten ballads, and which Steenstrup believes to be old. (Ker, *Scottish Historical Review*, Vol. I, p. 374, points that this is an old and frequent form of verse in the ballads of the Romance languages.) The two-line stanza, which is exceptional in English, is the prevailing and characteristic form of the Danish ballads.

Although many of the stories used in ballads are to be found the world over, and although many nations have what might be called ballads upon the same subjects, yet it is by no means true that ballads are everywhere alike. Even within the European ballad region marked out by Professor Ker—France, Northern Italy, Catalonia, Germany, Scandinavia, Britain—ballad style is by no means identical, as a little reading in the French or German ballads will show. But between Danish and English balladry there is practical identity of temper and style. Even with a very imperfect knowledge of the Danish language the English reader feels at once at home in *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser*. It is therefore needless to repeat here Steenstrup's analysis of ballad style. In subject-matter there are two interesting differences: Danish has a much larger number of ballads dealing with national history in the Middle Ages than English has; and it has besides several that deal with the heroic figures of ancient Germanic story, with Sivard (Sigurd) and Brynhild, with Theodoric and Weland and Vidrik (Wudga). Some of these, no doubt, are importations from Germany in the later Middle Ages; but others represent native Scandinavian tradition as preserved for us in the Icelandic sagas. English balladry has kept no memory of these ancient heroes, though we know from *Beowulf* and the *Waldhere* fragments that they were once known in England. If we assume (as we hardly should) that the Arthur stories occupy an analogous position in English legend, even then we have in the few and inferior ballads dealing with Arthurian themes no adequate parallel to the ballads at the beginning of Grundtvig's collection.

For the very interesting and instructive chapter on "The Oldest Historical Ballads" in Steenstrup's original book, Professor Cox has substituted a later paper from the *Historisk Tidsskrift* on "Historical Truth in Ballad Poetry." It is part of a controversy between Steenstrup and A. D. Jørgensen upon the question whether a poet narrating contemporary events should or should not be expected to conform to the truth about those events so far as he knows it. Jørgensen had criticized Steenstrup's reasoning in *Vore Folkeviser* as to the age and source of certain historical ballads. Presumably Professor Cox omitted Steenstrup's original chapter on the ground that American readers would be little interested in the historical truth or untruth of ballad accounts of events in mediæval Denmark that they had never heard of. But they are likely to be even less interested in the last chapter of a controversy of which they do not know the premises. As a matter of fact, Steenstrup's original discussion of the historical ballads is the very opposite of dull or unintelligible. These ballads tell of Valdemar the Great, his queen Sophia, and his leman Tove; of Valdemar the Victorious and his two queens Dagmar and Bengard; of Marsk Stig and Erik Klipping; of Niels Ebbeson, the patriot hero of Danish balladry—famous and beloved ballads all of them. It is, it seems to me, the one part of the book that the American desirous of getting something like a real grasp of Danish balladry at second hand would least willingly do without. Certainly a controversial fragment of which the reader does not know the antecedents is no adequate substitute for it. The proper procedure would have been to translate the original chapter and then add as an appendix the discussion of Jørgensen's views—which would then be intelligible, and is interesting when it is understood.

In another point, also, the book leaves something to be desired. "Rien ne vieillit aussi vite qu'un ouvrage d'érudition." The year 1891 is a long while ago in ballad scholarship, and much water has run under the bridges since then, especially under the Danish bridge. The reader who takes up a volume on Danish balladry, even a translation, fresh from the press in 1914 has a right to expect that it will put him in touch with the scholarship of the subject up to that

time. It was natural enough for a Dane in 1891 to discuss the characteristics of Danish ballads with illustrations from German balladry and none from English; but the American reader now finds it strange that barely a single illustration is drawn from the countless parallels that suggest themselves between English and Danish ballads, parallels much truer and more significant than can be found in German, and that, except in Steenstrup's own 1907 article, Child's name is not mentioned. And if the reader has some little acquaintance with ballad study he will be at first puzzled and then something more than puzzled to read through a discussion of the relation of the ballad to the dance and find never a word about the *carole* or a hint that such men as Paris, Ker, and Thuren had ever studied balladry! I am not contending that Professor Cox should have revised his original and brought it down to date, though that is a wise, and is coming to be a frequent, practice in the translation of works of scholarship, and Professor Cox's own procedure in regard to the seventh chapter shows that his reverence for his author's text is somewhere this side idolatry. I mean only that somewhere in the book — in footnotes, in a bibliographical appendix, at the very least in the preface — the reader should have been apprised that later researches have put an entirely new face upon the problem of the origin of Danish ballads.*

The rendering of the many stanzas from the ballads used by Steenstrup to illustrate and enforce his points is almost always good; simple, intelligible, without false archaisms, and yet in the ballad spirit. (The use of *boy* for *girl* or *child*, at the top of page 54, looks like an unconscious plagiarism from Autolycus.) But the same cannot be said of the translator's rendering of Steenstrup's prose. This is sometimes obscure and occasionally grotesque. Without consulting the original, one could hardly be sure, though one might suspect, that "the lyrical element in the ballads is seldom satisfied with pictorial images of nature's details" means that the lyrical impulse in the ballads seldom seeks expression in pictorial images. The following passage is quite

* There is a very brief but serviceable bibliography in T. F. Henderson's *The Ballad in Literature*. Cambridge University Press, 1912.

incomprehensible without the original: "How later times have changed the tone one can see for one's self by noting the way a ballad sings in the period of the Reformation. It is indeed in a ballad that we come across such a beginning as 'Will ye listen and hear, A ballad I'll sing to you.' In No. 172 . . . we read," etc. The second sentence should read: "It is precisely also in a ballad that begins 'Will ye listen,' " etc. On page 171 we read: "The eyes of the dying queen Dagmar are red as blood (No. 135, A 19); otherwise they are preferably likened to the red of roses"—from which one would infer that red eyes were considered a beauty in ballad heroines. Steenstrup wrote "Ellers er ved Rødt gjerne Rosens Lighed paakaldt" ("otherwise redness is preferably expressed by comparison to a rose").

But it is ungracious to pick flaws where gratitude is due. Professor Cox is a pioneer in a field that needs more laborers, and his work is good enough to encourage others to join him. He has put within the reach of American students a valuable specimen of the wealth of Scandinavian scholarship, and broken a road which one may hope will soon become a well-traveled highway.

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BOOK REVIEWS

CHAUCER AND HIS POETRY: LECTURES DELIVERED IN 1914 ON THE PERCY TURNBULL MEMORIAL FOUNDATION IN THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY. By George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 230 pages. 1915.

He who was a young man at Johns Hopkins in the consulship of Harrison may fitly adapt Ben Jonson's tribute to a great contemporary: "There happened in my time one noble speaker. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. He commanded where he spoke." This gracious command of hearers and of theme, which enlisted our large confidence when Professor Kittredge discoursed on the English romances to us *doctorandi* of twenty-five years ago, is assuredly no less evident, when, in the light of deeper experience and in the warmth of an even more intense sympathy with his subject, he speaks now to our successors on the benches of *Chaucer and His Poetry*. In these six lectures, which worthily sustain the traditions of the Percy Turnbull Foundation, linked in the minds of many of us with memories of Stedman and Jebb and Tyrrell and Brunetière, mastery of matter loses nothing in impressiveness by his alliance with geniality of manner. Of the Babylonish dialect of the pedagogue, of the impersonality of the statistician of "academic" remoteness from the life of everyday, —of all those traits which rightly or wrongly are made the reproach of the philologist in general and of the mediævalist in chief, the reader will happily find no trace in this little volume of some two hundred pages. Here, instead, is a charming intimacy well befitting the interpreter of so intimate a poet as Geoffrey Chaucer.

Professor Kittredge's first lecture on "The Man and His Times" is largely devoted to the removal of misconception. Time-honored legends of Chaucer's life have long since been laid to rest by our fuller knowledge of fourteenth-century records; old notions of his rude speech and ruder rhyming have been shattered by our proper understanding of Middle English

grammar and metre; but conventional estimates of his art owe their mischievous longevity to our ignorance of mediæval thought and perspective. The lecturer dismisses with large reason such catchwords as 'naïf,' 'quaint,' 'modern,' 'convincing'; he utters a necessary *caveat* against the traditional but uncoördinate division of Chaucer's poetical activity into three rigid periods; he emphasizes the poet's regularity, conciseness, and sense of proportion, and, above all, his love of the world of men; and he exalts his power as a delineator of character. In all this the limitations of the lecture system enforce a sketchiness which sometimes fails to satisfy. To the reviewer there seems to be a far larger significance in the difference between Chaucer's mediæval outlook and our own than in the superficial resemblance of external events in widely distant centuries, and there appears a very real danger in the present tendency to minimize these differences. Our recognition of Chaucer's sense of design, to which full justice has not yet been accorded by modern readers, must not blind us to the generous discursiveness of *The House of Fame* and many of the *Canterbury Tales*. And the master's delineation of character is far more dependent upon the humors of class-satire as revealed in the irony of narrative assignments than the present volume makes evident.

The second lecture, that on *The Book of the Duchess*, is so finely conceived and so pleasantly executed as to furnish partial compensation for the absence from our lecturer's scheme of things of two works of far greater worth, *The Parliament of Birds* and *The Legend of Good Women*. When, with such delightful sympathy and suggestiveness, we are led along "the wavering vistas of a dream," is it not ungrateful to be troubled by a doubt? And yet the reader cannot forbear the question whether much of this dream psychology is not of modern making. Are we warranted in drawing a sharp distinction between "the childlike dreamer" and Geoffrey Chaucer? As Mr. Kittredge himself makes clear, the sleeper and wide-eyed questioner borne by the gold-plumed eagle among the stars to Fame's house is assuredly "Geoffrey," married man, reader of Ovid and of many books, maker of reckonings in the London customs. The daisy-lover, who meets in the meadows of dream Cupid and the

nineteen good women of the Legend, is assuredly, if this Prologue is to be trusted, the author of the chief works that bear Chaucer's name. Why then suppose that the dreamer who beholds under the oak trees nought more wonderful than a strong man's grief, is a mere "creature of the imagination"? Thin indeed is the mask that hides John of Gaunt's protégé and friend. And one thing more: "To assign an actual locality," says Hawthorne in the preface to *The House of the Seven Gables*, exposes the romance to an inflexible and exceedingly dangerous species of criticism by bringing fancy pictures almost into positive contact with the realities of the moment." Yet word-play and history are in too close accord to forbid the conjecture that "the long castle with walls white on a rich hill" is that Richemont or Richmond of Northern Yorkshire which gave John of Gaunt his early title and which remained in his keeping until 1372, three years after the death of Blanche. Thus Chaucer's early work, like Spenser's, has some color of the North that he knew in youth.

Professor Kittredge deserves our thanks for his unhesitating rejection of Ten Brink's autobiographical interpretation of the allegory of *The House of Fame*. If Chaucer thus unlocked his heart, the less Chaucer he! To the reviewer there seems quite as little reason to regard this long-sustained vision as a prologue to a story or to a group of stories—indeed as anything else than what our lecturer finally proclaims it to be, "a humorous study of mankind from the point of view of a Ruling Passion." Can we altogether justify, by pleading its accord with the machinery of love-visions, anything so remote from the poet's central thought, the dominant desire of fame, as the lengthy paraphrase of Dido's unhappy story? Right here a pretty strong protest might be framed against the exaltation of Chaucer by modern standards of unity and sequence, of which he seemingly "ne roghte nat a bene." In that day what was or was not episodic?

If we are to read aright the characters of the *Troilus*, Professor Kittredge shows that we must interpret that great poem in the terms of courtly love. This truth Mr. Dodd, working under his master's eye, had already demonstrated in his interesting Harvard dissertation. Viewed in the broad light of

mediaeval ideals of courtship, Cressida is neither victim nor adventuress—farewell to that ungallant anachronism!—but a tender-hearted woman whose sin lies not in her love for Troilus but in her faithlessness to that love. Equally just are the lecturer's estimates of Troilus and Pandarus, likewise so often misunderstood. The lover is a wise and seasoned warrior, the go-between is a loyal friend, faithful even at the cost of honor. The contrast at the poem's close between the vain love of the world and the saving love of Christ is regarded by Mr. Kittredge as an outspoken rejection of the courtly code, the mainspring of the story's action. Such a contrast, it may be added, reigns in the juxtaposition of Canterbury tales of profane and of holy love, and appears incongruously enough in Cupid's praise of the virgin-martyr Margaret in Christine de Pisan's famous "Letter," englished by Hoccleve. It is easy for a modern critic to make too much of the linking of the tragedy of character with the world-tragedy in the background. Chaucer was no Æschylus.

To the proper interpretation of the *Canterbury Tales*, the theme of the fifth and sixth lectures, Professor Kittredge has brought large aid by his insistence here and elsewhere upon the self-revelation of the pilgrims through their stories and upon the "human comedy" enacted in the inter-relation of tales hitherto viewed apart. If, however, he had carried to its legitimate conclusion his contention that these stories must be viewed dramatically, he could not have failed to note the delicious irony of many of Chaucer's assignments:—a Summoner sputtering with rage yet making wrath ridiculous in an *exemplum*; a chiding Manciple illustrating in his narrative tale-bearing, then so closely linked with chiding that it often bore its name, and denouncing the wicked tongue; a tavern-haunting Pardoner inveighing against tavern-sins; a philter-giving Physician exposing lechery; a Lawyer detraction, and a Nun sloth. That the combination of tales in a Marriage Group is an important phase of Chaucer's design is triumphantly demonstrated, but why exclude from this category such pointed discussions of the themes of wife's counsels and sex sovereignty as those in the Melibeus, the Nun's Priest's Tale and the Parson's sermon? That not only the

woman question but class satire is a large factor in the clashes of pilgrims and in their choice of tales, Professor Kittredge is certainly aware; but how deeply such antipathies as those between the tenant Miller and the rent-taking Reeve, between shopkeeping Cook and purchasing Manciple, influenced Chaucer, he nowhere discloses. So sympathetic is the Critic's appreciation of the traits of the several pilgrims that one hesitates to demur. To the Prioress he is perhaps too kind. In the light of La Tour Landry's "ensample" of the fourteenth-century lady who, heedless of the needy poor, cherished with rich food her little dogs, and of contemporary protest against monks who gave only to their hounds, can we overlook the tinge of irony in Chaucer's portrait? At tender hearts of women mockers have always had their fling. What shrieks are cast to pitying Heaven, "when husbands and when lap-dogs breathe their last"! It is surely not the least of the Pardoner's triumphs that with all his cards face-up on the table, he should still play his game so deftly as to "blear the eyne" of a clear-sighted commentator. Flagrant artistry this, but shall we, though warned, mistake sheer professional efficiency for a spasm of virtue? The rascal's soul is lost beyond even a moment's recovery.

The six lectures of Professor Kittredge are not only of the head but of the heart,—scholarly, of course, and richly human as well. The slender volume that contains them has given one reader very real delight, and he closes it with the regret that he was not seated on the benches during that spring week in Baltimore.

FREDERICK TUPPER.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM. By Charles A. Ellwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The reader who wishes an excellent criticism of the basic influences at work in our present social life will find it in this book by Professor Ellwood. In the introductory chapter the author defines the social problem as the problem of human living together. For human beings to live together harmoniously it is necessary to have some mutually accepted scale of values to regulate conduct. If this mutually accepted scale of values does not exist, conflict

and confusion of thought and action result. The present conflict and confusion in society arise from the fundamental differences in the beliefs and ideals of its members. Different opinions regarding the institution of the family, for example, illustrate a fundamental conflict of ideas and valuations, and the result is a threatened if not actual demoralization of family life. After a thorough analysis and description of the basic character of the social problem—the problem of the relations of men to one another—the author takes up the different factors in our present civilization,—historical, physical, economic, and spiritual and ideal. Each of these factors is discussed in a chapter by itself.

Several qualities make the book well worth reading. One of these is breadth of view. The author shows that the social problem involves all factors discussed and that it cannot be fully solved by progress along only one line. By concrete illustration he makes it clear that one problem interweaves with all other problems. The case of tuberculosis as a preventable disease is cited to illustrate this point. "One cannot touch the tuberculosis problem without picking up with it the problems of human industry, morality, heredity—in fact the whole problem of human living together, the social problem" (pp. 102-103). To breadth of view we may add the quality of constructive treatment. On the constructive side Professor Ellwood emphasizes the education of the young and the development of a social attitude of mind in the individual as a solution of the social problem. The "hope of solving the social problem must be not through revolution, external machinery, or one-sided reforms, but through the education of the young, the transformation of the 'subjective environment' of ideals and values in society, and the development of a well-balanced programme of social progress. The development of a fuller social intelligence and social character in the individual is the heart of our problem" (pp. 231-232). This becomes largely the problem of social leadership and social education.

In a work so broad in scope many conclusions lack detailed development, and controversial points must at times be more or less arbitrarily stated, if positive conclusions are to be reached. Inferences, however, are conservative, and references enable the

reader to secure details on points which are still in controversy. The positive value of the work is undoubted. Rarely does a volume appear in the field of social science which discusses social relations with such breadth, sanity, and insight.

JAMES G. STEVENS.

SEX AND SOCIETY. By William I. Thomas. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.

This suggestive and stimulating volume by Professor Thomas gives us a new interpretation of the character and origin of some of our social institutions and occupational activities. It is an attempt to explain certain important facts of social life as originating in the physical, biological, and psychological differences between man and woman. The various chapters are disconnected in the character of their subject-matter—each chapter being a complete study—but “. . . the general thesis running through all of them is the same—that the differences in bodily habit between men and women, particularly the greater strength, restlessness, and motor aptitude of man, and the more stationary condition of woman, have had an important influence on social forms and activities, and on the character and mind of the two sexes” (Author's Note).

The first chapter discusses the organic differences between the two sexes and develops the fundamental evidence upon which the remaining chapters are based. After this there is a series of studies regarding the factor and influence of sex in primitive morality, primitive industry, and primitive social control of sex and social feeling; the psychology of modesty and clothing; the adventitious character of woman; the mind of woman and the lower races.

In this work Professor Thomas has made the first attempt to develop a scientific unified theory regarding the influence of sex in social life and activity. While the basic evidence of the author's theory is somewhat fragmentary and as yet incomplete, the inferences and deductions made are on the whole conservative. The last two chapters, on “The Adventitious Character of Woman” and “The Mind of Woman and the Lower

Races," are of peculiar value to the student who is analyzing the social position and influence of modern woman. The limitation which existing conventions and prejudices place upon woman and the social results of these limitations are described and analyzed.

The new view-point of recognizing sex as a fundamental factor in social life, and the development of a scientific theory of the influence of sex from that standpoint, make a suggestive contribution to scientific thought along these lines. The book is to be commended to all those who are interested in sex problems and sex relations.

JAMES G. STEVENS.

THE EVOLUTION OF LITERATURE. By A. S. Mackenzie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Second Printing. 12mo, net \$1.50.

Professor Mackenzie, of the University of Kentucky, here puts forth in a popular-priced edition his manual of comparative literature, which was issued for the first time about four years ago. His attempt to approach the study of literature from the side of anthropology, as an essentially social phenomenon, involves wide reading and careful analysis and discrimination. There are chapters on the primitive literatures of Africa, Oceania, Asia, and America, and in the songs, dances, stories, and drawings, the author seeks to discover the germs of various types of literature. In traversing so wide a field it is inevitable that the author should occasionally draw hasty conclusions (as, for example, the suggestion that the negroes borrowed their animal tales from Indian prisoners of war); but on the whole the book is an interesting and valuable contribution to a phase of literary study which hitherto has received only fragmentary treatment.

LEGENDS OF OLD HONOLULU. By W. D. Westervelt. Boston: Press of George H. Ellis.

These legends have been compiled from stories told by old Hawaiians; some taken down from the lips of those still living, and others found in the files of newspapers published in the language of Hawaii. Though many of these tales are limited to

the locality from which they come, and deal with various phases of Hawaiian life,—such as surf-riding, contests with devouring sharks, tales of singing shells, weird ghost dances in volcanoes, cannibal dog-men and sharkmen,—there is one legend of old Hawaii concerning three princes in search of the Water of Life, which contains features common to European folk-tales. The two older brothers through their rudeness fail in their search; whereas the youngest, by means of his natural kindness and generosity to the King of the Fairies (who is disguised as a dwarf), throws food into the mouths of the dragons guarding the water, succeeds in his quest, and wins a beautiful bride. As a matter of course, however, his wicked brothers almost rob him of his hard-earned victory, so that he barely escapes with his life. The collection is an interesting one, though at times the story suffers from too frequent interpolation and explanation on the part of the translator.

WRITTEN ENGLISH. A COURSE IN THE MAIN THINGS TO KNOW IN ORDER TO WRITE ENGLISH CORRECTLY. By Edwin C. Woolley. New York: D. C. Heath & Company. 300 pages. Price, \$1.00.

This book is prepared for first-year classes in secondary schools, and its object is "to teach students to write correctly—not to teach them to write with literary excellence." It begins with elementary, but necessary, instruction in the preparation of the manuscript of the school theme and of letters, and then takes up the study of composition, based throughout on principles of grammar; for the author very properly is convinced that correctness in written English depends on a "knowledge of the leading parts of grammatical theory and terminology." The rules are stated briefly and clearly, and are accompanied by abundant illustrations, so as to give the student constant drill and practice. Most teachers will regret to see the time-honored word "sentence" (for the simple reason that it is loosely and indefinitely used) put aside for the more pretentious term "predication." But the book is an excellent one and it should do much towards banishing from the school-room the dry, theoretical rhetoric, which has been in the past such a bane to every high-school pupil.

THE RISE OF CLASSICAL ENGLISH CRITICISM. By James Routh. New Orleans: Tulane University Press. 101 pages.

This pamphlet traces the "history of the canons of English literary taste and rhetorical doctrines, from the beginning of English criticism to the death of Dryden." In order to set definite limits to his work, the author defines the science of criticism as "the science of rhetoric in its largest sense"; and "the history of criticism is the history of rhetorical principles as they have changed from century to century, and grown in changing." The subject is treated in the following chapters: The Rule of Law, The Purpose of Literary Art, Types of Literature, Materials Suitable for Literature, Style, Verse Technique. Professor Routh has read widely and judiciously and makes his conclusions with discrimination and critical insight. It is to be regretted, however, that he did not take pains to polish his own work so as to avoid, in paragraph after paragraph, such wearisome repetitions as: "Another dictum," "Another important point," "Another fundamental principle," "Another distinct pronouncement," etc.

BIBLICAL LIBRARIES. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. Princeton: University Press.

The Introduction discusses the question "What is a Library?" and at what seems undue length belabors the Assyriologists for seeking to limit the term "library" so as to apply only to a "large literary collection." The author's own conclusion is that "A library is a book or a collection of books kept for use, and one kind of book kept for use is the original or official copy of a public document," so that "archive" may be defined as one kind of library. Though the book covers "the period of Biblical history from about the first dynasty of Egypt, or say 3400 B.C. (or 4200), until the death of the last of those who figure in the books of the New Testament, or say the middle of the second century A.D.," the question naturally suggests itself why did not the author explain his use of the term "Biblical" as applied to collections of books, or brick tablets, or rolls, in Babylonia, Egypt, and Persia? The book is, however, both scholarly and

interesting, and the text is accompanied by many illustrations and plans of ancient temples and various buildings used for the housing of books.

GEOGRAPHIC INFLUENCES IN OLD TESTAMENT MASTERPIECES. By Laura H. Wild. Boston: Ginn & Company.

The purpose of this book is "to give illustrations of how Old Testament literature is interpreted through the geography, history, botany, and zoölogy of the land in which it is written." For example, the story of Joseph sold to the caravan of Ishmaelites is interpreted in its relation to the old coast road of Palestine; some of the Psalms of David as well as the story of Abraham and Isaac are taken to illustrate the feeling of the Ancient Hebrews for the hill country. Each chapter has a supplementary list of suggested readings and of books for more extended commentary. The book thus helps the student to relate the Bible more intimately to its original setting, and should serve to make each story concrete and vivid in all its details. It is intended for high school classes studying Old Testament literature, for teachers of general literature, for beginners in college Bible classes, or for teachers in the Sunday School. It contains excellent photographs of scenes in the Holy Land, and it is attractively written, so that it is well suited to read aloud to the children in the home circle.

WILD BIRD GUESTS. By Ernest Harold Baynes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

In the Foreword the author declares that a fundamental solution of the problem of conserving our wild birds lies in creating an interest in and love for the birds, so that a large majority of people will not only have no desire to kill the birds, but will actually fight to prevent their destruction. "Because of the enormous value of birds—economic, æsthetic, and moral—the writer believes that it is the duty of every civilized community to take its part in a great world-wide campaign for the conservation of bird life, and he knows of no more practical way to do this than by the organization of a bird club whose

principal object is the care of the local birds." For the organization and management of such clubs the book gives clear and full instructions, as well as detailed information as to the best methods of attracting and feeding the birds and of building bird houses. As a helpful guide in the entertainment and preservation of our wild guests the book ought to find a place in home and school.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY ROLL OF SERVICE. 1914-1915. Edited by E. S. Craig, M.A., Assistant Registrar of the University. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

Though this list includes "many members of the University who have made the army their profession and for a longer or shorter time have ceased to reside in Oxford," the largest number of names is "of those Graduates and Undergraduates who have broken off their civilian career under the stress of national peril and have come forward as soldiers in answer to the appeal of the Government." "Every Society in Oxford has given of its best—in learning, in athletics, in social gifts, . . . and they are representative, to a new and high degree, of the nation as a whole," declares the Vice-Chancellor in his Foreword. And the Editor adds that "the part played by the University in the war has not been limited merely to the supply of men; she has also given freely of her hospitality and has placed many of her buildings at the disposal of the War office." The professors, too, it is worthy of note (though no word of it is said in this record), have in many instances contributed their salaries to aid the cause of their country. The mere roll of names bears eloquent testimony to the readiness with which the educated man in England, as well as in any other land, responds to the call of his country.

INDIA AND THE WAR. With an Introduction by Lord Sydenham of Combe. With 32 illustrations. London and New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

Part I deals with British Rule in India and Part II with India's Rally to the Empire, with comments on the war by the Indian Press and statements by leaders of Indian opinion. With

its many illustrations in color the book gives a clear idea of the diverse elements composing the unique Army of India. "Never before," declares Lord Sydenham, "have so many races, so widely differing, been brought together in a great military organisation and united in the bonds of a common loyalty," a fact which bears splendid testimony to the uprightness and efficiency of the British rule.

STUDIES IN PHILOLOGY. Vol. XII. Nos. 1, 2, 3, January-July, 1915.

Published quarterly under the direction of the Philological Club of the University of North Carolina, these *Studies* contain original contributions by members of the Club, as well as carefully edited texts of original manuscripts and of scarce pamphlets. Of this volume, No. 1 furnishes a reprint of *Wine, Beere, Ale and Tobacco*, a Seventeenth Century Interlude, edited by James Holly Hanford; No. 2 contains a study of *The Characters of Terence*, by G. Kenneth G. Henry; No. 3 is devoted to an investigation of 'The Act Time' in *Elizabethan Theatres*, by Thornton Shirley Graves. The *Wine, Beere and Ale* interlude deserves particular mention, both as a specimen of the academic drama, and as an example of scholarly editing, with its interesting introduction and illuminating notes. In the publication of these *Studies* the Philological Club is doing splendid service to the cause of scholarship in the South.

WILLIAM BRANCH GILES: A STUDY IN THE POLITICS OF VIRGINIA AND THE NATION FROM 1790 TO 1830. By Dice Robins Anderson. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co. 1914.

William Branch Giles was a Virginia planter and statesman of much importance in his day. He was a representative of his State in both branches of Congress for a quarter of a century, and at the close of his life a state governor and a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829-1830. Professor Anderson of Richmond College has, in this little biography of Giles, not only resurrected a half-forgotten worthy, but has given us a good study of Virginia political life from 1790-

1830. Among the subjects treated of at some length by Professor Anderson are the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, the Republican war on the Federal Courts, and the questions growing out of the war of 1812. The most interesting and valuable portion of the book is, however, the chapter entitled "State Rights in Virginia after the War of 1812."

As will be seen from his footnotes and his appended bibliography, the author has sifted a vast mass of material, both manuscript and printed. The book is written with the knowledge and judgment of a scholar who has his subject thoroughly in hand.

S. L. WARE.

LEONIDAS POLK: BISHOP AND GENERAL. By William M. Polk, M.D., LL.D. In Two Volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

We are always attracted to the biography that gives evidence of having been prompted by filial affection. We may often find that such a book fails to maintain a proper proportion between biography and memorial, and due allowance must always be made for personal bias and favorable prejudice; sons are not always—perhaps not often—qualified to write biographies of their fathers. But when the biography of the Bishop-General of the Southern Confederacy appeared in 1893, it was at once seen that his son was eminently qualified to respond to the demand that was sooner of later to be made for such a contribution to American biographies; and this conclusion has been justified by the exhausting of a large edition of his work and the demand for a new one. The critical reviews of the two volumes when they appeared in 1893 were generally favorable save upon matters of controversy, and a second edition offered the opportunity to amend the original work to some extent, and to add more matter. Hence the two volumes are increased by about sixty pages, including letters and evidence gathered by the author during the past twenty years. A few additions have been made to the illustrations in the former edition. The maps in both editions have been provided by experts, and the volumes now take their place with American biographies of permanent value.

A. H. N.

IN DIALECT AND OTHER POEMS. By Nicholas M. Williams. Memphis, Tennessee: S. C. Toof & Company.

A BAR OF SONG. By Henry E. Harman. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company.

Mr. Williams puts forth in modest brown cover a little volume of "homespun verse," pleasant in sentiment and graceful in expression, giving voice to a kindly optimism:—

There never yet was hour or place,
When moping in the ashes brought
Contentment as the battle fought
And won from foeman face to face.

The poems of Mr. Harman exhibit a somewhat wider range of subject and treatment, dealing for the most part with various phases of nature, such as: A Song of the Sea, The Winter Wind, Lonesome Pine, Sea Mysteries, Sand Dunes, April Clouds, Twilight Lure. In nearly all aspects of nature he finds lessons of hope and faith, and gives expression to them with no great passion or power or originality. One stanza of *The Road to Enoree* may be quoted as an example of his verse at its best:—

Oh! The road to Enoree
Like a ribbon by the sea!
Far along the beaches stretching
Like some faithful master's etching;
Winding, twisting
Onward listing
To some far-off land of story
Full of hope and human glory;
Like a ribbon by the sea
Is the road to Enoree!

FUR KLEINE LEUTE. By Anna T. Gronow. Boston and New York: Ginn & Company.

An excellent book for beginners, with short simple lessons, containing numerous jingles, some set to music, stories in dialogue, and games.

BOOK NOTES

Among recent publications of the American Book Company are the following texts for school and college: *Ancient Peoples*, by William C. Morey, a revision of the author's *Outline of Ancient History*. In this revision more attention has been paid to the life and customs of the people, in the belief that "the real history of people deals with its progressive development, and not simply with its antiquities." The book gives the pronunciation of all proper names, and contains many excellent illustrations and maps. At the close of each chapter is given a list of selections for reading and study. *The Writing of Narrative Latin*, by Benjamin W. Mitchell, presents the subject "from the standpoint of English idiom, using material derived mainly from the first book of Cæsar's *Gallic War*. The book contains a working vocabulary with English equivalents for about 600 Latin words, and a very helpful table of synonyms. *Aristophanes' Clouds*, edited with introduction and notes by Lewis Leaming Forman, is the latest issue of the Greek Series for Colleges and Schools, under the general editorship of Professor Herbert Weir Smyth, of Harvard. The Introduction (pp. 13-77), divided into two parts, a study of the life and times of the dramatist and a consideration of rhythm and metre, includes the following topics: Life of Aristophanes, Aristophanes the Poet, Contemporary Athens, Aristophanes the Man, Politics, Religion, The New Learning, Freedom of the Comic Spirit, Conclusions. In addition to the notes on the text at the bottom of each page, there are supplementary notes on the introduction and on the text (pp. 224-342), designed for the maturer student who is studying the Greek language, Greek comedy as a whole, Greek philosophy, and Greek history. It is a very complete and scholarly edition, and in the hands of a live teacher it should make Greek comedy as real and interesting as Shakespeare. *Vom grossen König und Anderen, Deutsche Anekdoten aus zweihundert Jahren*, selected and edited with notes, questions, and vocabulary, by Frederick Betz, is "intended to place before our American boys and girls some interesting stories about famous Germans." The anecdotes

are brief, clear, and interesting, and the language is simple, well within the reach of the beginner. Unusual words are explained in German at the close of each anecdote, and at the end of the book there are questions in German on each lesson, as well as a complete vocabulary. A number of portraits by Karl Bauer have been reproduced for the text. *Chemistry in the Home*, by Henry T. Weed, is a text-book for students who elect chemistry early in their high-school course. It aims to train students in scientific thinking and to give them a fund of information concerning the chemistry of everyday things, related to industries and the home."

The Case of the American Drama, by Thomas H. Dickinson (Houghton Mifflin Company), was received too late for inclusion in Professor Henderson's article on the *American Drama*. In this book, which forms an excellent companion volume to his *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*, Professor Dickinson gives an interesting and helpful study "of the forces that may, in the fullness of time, bring forth an American theatre of a form that will be appropriate to the event," and declares that we must "go back to the inalienable principles of dramatic art as these have been worked out in the past in order that we may go forward to the service of a new drama of a new America."

Carlyle: How to Know Him, by Bliss Perry (Bobbs-Merrill Company), is a modest attempt to "exhibit, as far as possible in Carlyle's own words, the working of his mind." Through skillfully selected extracts from his writings and keen critical comment, Professor Perry traces Carlyle's development as man and as writer in the hope that his book may serve to "invite a new generation of hurried and preoccupied Americans to look back steadily and wisely upon a great figure in the light of Carlyle's own varied and stimulating and magnificent utterances." It is not intended as a substitute for a first-hand knowledge of Carlyle; "yet it may help some readers to try to climb the mountain for themselves." For such a climb it would be hard to find a more sympathetic, intelligent, and inspiring guide than Professor Perry.

NOTES ON SOME RECENT JOURNALS

Two issues of *The Tennessee Historical Magazine* have appeared under the editorship of Professor St. George L. Sioussat, of Vanderbilt. This magazine is the successor of the *American Historical Magazine*, which had its beginning in 1896 under the auspices of the Peabody Normal College. It is published quarterly, in the months of March, June, September, and December, as the official organ of the Tennessee Historical Society. Its purpose is "to transfer to permanent form as much as possible of that manuscript material, so liable to destruction, upon which the historian must ever place his first dependence; secondly, to afford a means for the publication of papers and articles of an historical nature; and thirdly, to be a medium for the publication of news as to all the historical activities of individuals of associations in the state." The first two issues contain material of general interest and permanent value, among which may be mentioned: Colonel Burr's First Brush with the Law, An Account of the Proceedings Against Him in Kentucky, by W. E. Beard; The Indian Policy of the Federal Government and the Economic Development of the Southwest, 1786-1801, by Donald L. McMurry; General James Winchester (1752-1826), by John H. DeWitt; The Journal of Daniel Smith, one of the Commissioners to extend the Boundary Line between the Commonwealths of Virginia and North Carolina, August, 1776, to July, 1780; and Mexican War Letters of Col. William Bowen Campbell, of Tennessee, written to Governor David Campbell, of Virginia, 1846-1857, both documents edited by Professor Sioussat. Under so able and indefatigable an editor the magazine ought to have a long and useful career before it.

The first issue of the *Texas Review*, under the editorship of Professor Stark Young, appeared in June of this year, with no indication on the title-page either of date or volume. As a whole the issue is disappointing. Some of the articles are heavy and some far too light for anything above an undergraduates'

magazine. The editorial announcement assures the reader at some length and with considerable emphasis that the magazine will not "reek of the [Texas] soil",— the editor speaking of his adopted State almost as an outsider,—and rather vaguely expresses the hope that it will "reek of the whole world," so that one is left without any very definite statement of policy. Some readers may be moved to question the good taste of the editor in giving first place in the magazine to a letter from Mr. Edmund Gosse with its personal praise of the editor, and to feel that it savors just a little of "exploitation." Others will be moved to smile at the naïve announcement that one of the contributors is a "winner of several literary prizes." But this is not surprising when one sees so conservative a magazine as the *Atlantic* deal out praise to its contributors, and observes in other, popular magazines a tendency to prefix to every article or story a laudatory note to be matched in persuasive eloquence only by advertisements for Ivory Soap, Dutch Cleanser, and other necessary household wares. The proof-reading has been carelessly done. Besides numerous misprints and one error in grammar there are no less than six misspelled words. The achievements of the editor in the field of literature and the splendid productiveness of the faculty of the University of Texas have led to expectations that are not realized in this first issue of the *Review*. It is to be hoped that the second number will attain to a higher level of excellence.

Two numbers of the *Rice Institute Pamphlets* have appeared, containing addresses delivered in connection with the formal opening of the Institute and other public exercises. These *Pamphlets*, to be issued at least four times a year, will serve for the publication of "occasional addresses, courses of lectures, and smaller papers of current and timely interest." In the first number (April) the most notable article is the address of the President, Edgar Odell Lovett, sketching the history of the foundation and setting forth his aims and ideals for the future. It is inspiring to read such a glowing account of the beginning of what ought soon to become one of the great educational institutions of the country, animated by "the driving power of ideas and ideals backed by material resources for their realization."

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- XII. *Book Notes.*
- XIII. *Notes on Some Recent Journals.*

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While only about seventy periodicals are indexed at present, this number will be increased to one hundred as soon as possible, the selection to be made with the assistance of the subscribing libraries. The contents of these periodicals are indexed by author and subject, with volume number, paging and date, notes of maps and illustrations and cross references as in the *Readers' Guide*.

The *Readers' Guide Supplement* is issued bi-monthly, omitting the July issue. It is fully cumulated with each issue, and the last number for the year will contain all entries for the year, making it the annual cumulation. Two annual cumulations, 1913 and 1914, have now been published and a large cumulated volume is in progress indexing these periodicals from 1907-1914, inclusive, and so bringing the gap between the last volume of Poole and the beginning of the *Supplement*. Full information regarding the subscription price will be furnished on request.

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